

DUENDE

THE
10 CENTS

Shadow

MAGAZINE
TWICE A MONTH

DEC. 1st NUMBER
1935

ZEMBA
Book-length
Detective
Novel



#1

ROE
74-15

about our cover...

The cover illustration for this first issue of DUENDE is the work of Providence, RI artist Rick Roe, and was abstracted from the original Rozen PULP cover. The cover of that particular issue was selected from literally hundreds of possibilities as an example, not of a typical PULP cover, but of one that possessed the most duende.

In actuality, that entire issue of THE SHADOW exuded this quality. The lead novel, "Zemba", is considered to be one of the greatest of all the many SHADOW novels. In it, author Walter Gibson transferred his magician's ability with misdirection to the PULP novel and produced one long narrative of total bewilderment. It would be unfair to describe The Shadow's quest and vanquishing of the international rogue, Gaspard Zemba, as it may one day be reprinted. It should suffice to say, that nothing and no one, in the novel, is quite what he appears to be and the riot of revelation at the novel's end is really quite breath-taking. Even a seasoned SHADOW reader, wise to the ways of The Master of Darkness and his clever raconteur (thinking that he has the flow of events figured out), is left in a very unsettled frame of mind. One's first reaction is to re-read "Zemba" *backwards* in order to unravel both the story and one's mind.

This very atypical cover is interesting not because of its lack of action, but because the scene depicted does not occur in the novel. The Shadow (note the fire opal ring) appears to be raising a glass of wine in toast to his bitter foe, Zemba (note stump of missing third finger), who is gesturing conversationally. They seem to be seated in a French cafe. As no such scene even remotely resembling this appears in "Zemba", the cover is obviously symbolic of both The Shadow's respect for one of his greatest foes (in other words: how it might have been, had they met under other circumstances) and the painter's respect for one of the greatest of the SHADOW novels. A rather cosmopolitan painting for a violent story; talk about duende!

Our back cover is also the work of Rick Roe and is his idea in concept and execution. Not only did he painstakingly hand letter the script, but he wrote it as well. We're extremely proud to have Rick associated with DUENDE. His artwork, which appears here (for the first time anywhere), will continue to grace subsequent issues of DUENDE. ----

DUENDE

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ELVES

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about every damn thing

Diane Howard

) - (you could think of.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Mr. John A. Dinan---for his kind furnishing of needed materials.

Mr. Elliot Krieger---for his editorial assistance.

The late George Frazier---for his inspiration and the word duende.

---and especially to Mark Antranig, John McCarthy and Nick Carr, staunch friends all---for their varied encouragement and assistance during DUENDE's nascent stages.

DUENDE. April, 1975 issue. Published under the aegis of ODYSSEY PUBLICATIONS and devoted to the research and preservation of those curious magazines, the PULPS. No subscriptions. Single copies \$1.00. All contents ©1975 by Will Murray. Address all orders, correspondence, contributions and inquiries to DUENDE c/o Will Murray, 334 East Squantum St., North Quincy, Mass. 02171.

BLACK SOUNDS

It's a subtle quality; elusive and indefinable. Not many living people possess it, and it manifests itself differently in all it's rare and special subjects. Yet for all it's Quixotic elan, for all it's ubiquitousness, it seems to suggest itself so that when confronted by a name, one does not have to grope before replying, "He has it," or "She does Not."

One knows instinctively, without being able to point out a specific trait or characteristic, just who is possessed of it and who is not. It's a phenomenon of totality, of chemistry; rather like sex.

It's called duende.

Now, I could define duende at this point (which I suppose I'm obligated to do, having brought the matter up in the first place) but there might be a better way. Suppose I give you an example...Hannes Bok had it, but Virgil Finlay did not! Both were superb artists in their field. (Come to think of it, Edd Cartier also had it). But, let me explain: Finlay for all his technical superiority, in spite of his mastery of stipple work, couldn't hold a candle to Bok when it came to the latter's pervasive magic. It communicated itself to the beholder, no matter the medium in which he chose to work. If Finlay had had it, his oils would have been arresting as his drawings. Yes, Hannes Bok had duende! But he was not alone

Duende can be either a luster or a patina. It can be courage in one man, and hubris in another. People can have duende (though there are comparatively few) and so can books, or works of art, or songs, or movies. "Casablanca" reeked with duende. As did "Black Orpheus", and more recently, "Chinatown".

If one were to look up the word duende in a Spanish dictionary, one would be rewarded with the definition of "goblin"--which has really nothing to do with the duende I'm talking about. It's in the Andalusian dialect that duende takes on it's suggestiveness, becoming so expressive that there is no comparable work in English. It can, as the Spanish poet, Garcia Lorca (1899 - 1936) once related, mean "black sounds". But that hardly clears up the matter, now does it?

Duende is, as best as one can render it in English, an overpowering presence, a sense of style, panache--all these things and more. The closest single word to duende is charisma, but charisma raised to the highest power. Black sounds. What blacker sound in all the world than the creepy, shuddery, mirthless laughter of

The Shadow, rolling in ebony echoes out of the night? The Shadow! now there's a character with duende. His sheer presence is evocative of mystery and power. Is he called The Shadow because of his ability to blend with the shadows or because of his predilection towards shadowing people? Neither--or both?? It doesn't matter. It's all part of The Shadow's dark aura of duende. Neither he nor duende can be pinned down or clearly defined.

But we know unmistakably, we know he has duende.

The character of The Shadow has come to symbolize the PULPS, just as he is synonymous with old radio drama. And to my mind, the PULPS, even at their worst, had more duende, pound for pound, than any other medium (with the sole exception of movies).



WEIRD TALES had duende; but none of the other horror pulps, especially GHOST STORIES, had it. Unless, of course, you consider UNKNOWN a horror pulp. ADVENTURE had it; but ARGOSY--never! Ah, but I'm wandering far afield and I fear some of my readers are not knowledgeable enough in PULP lore to quite perceive the distinctions. But, as the late George Frazier (the Dey of Duende) once pointed out: "The real fun (of duende) is in citing examples of those who have it--or, for that matter, those who don't."

Arkham House has it. Arkham House...with it's delicious non-glossy dust jackets and illustrations by such talents as Utpatel, Arnold, Wilson and lest we forget him, Lee Brown Coye. But Mirage, or Shasta? No, and certainly not Grome Press, either. Grome Press, indeed!

Flash Gordon (under Alex Raymond, anyway) had duende; but Buck Rogers wouldn't have had it even if penned by Hal Foster (...who, by the way, also had duende...but you know that). The Spirit had duende; but Plastic Man couldn't have any less. Both Superman and Batman had it during the forties. But duende can be overdone and if you look at them both now, they're bloody bores! Steve Ditko (in his Spiderman years) had duende; Jack Kirby only aspired to it.

But enough of that, now. Our concern lies with the duende of the PULPS. And what duende there was, too! From the exquisit covers by Scott and Baumhauffer and especially Jerome Rozen's SHADOW covers, right out to those infernal ragged edges. The evocative names of Maxwell Grant, Kenneth Robeson, Robert E. Howard, H. P. Lovecraft and the like. Still it would hardly honest (or fun) to say that all PULPS had duende. If we examine the beast carefully we'll find, sure enough, some dross amid the gold.

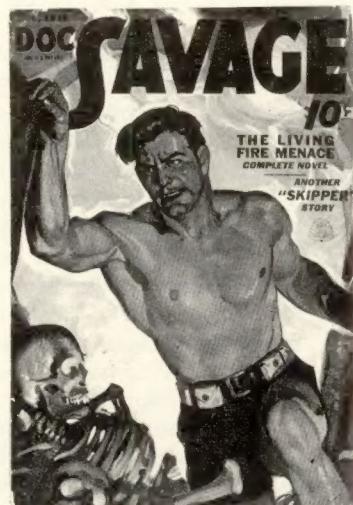
Doc Savage had duende; but none of his many imitators possessed it. Not Captain Future, Captain Hazzard, G-8, certainly not Secret Agent X and, surprisingly, not even Operator 5. They all lack that chemistry, as good as they are, for duende is not greatness, but a sheen that overlays things great. Yes, Doc Savage had duende. It lay as a bronze laquer on him and swirled in his flake-gold eyes always. It was his terrible bronze anger, swift and silent, where facing criminals and, conversly his red-faced shyness with women. Even in the forties, when he became less the immutable bronze master, it was still there as a sort of wry cynicism.

Doc had so much duende, in fact, that it spilled over to at least one of his men. Monk Mayfair, of course. Monk, the amiable ugly Vulgarian whose personal duende was a sort of a brute whimsy that he forever inflicted upon his friend, Ham Brooks.

We've already pointed out that The Shadow had duende to spare, but what about his various imitators? The Phantom Detective didn't have it, nor did the Green Lama, The Black Bat, and Captain Zero was well named, wasn't he?

But to show what an odd thing this super mystique we call duende is (and before you start to think it's a cut and dried case of Original vs. Imitation) let's look at the strange case of The Whisperer.

The Whisperer: by day the brash and dynamic commissioner "Wildcat" Gordon and by night, the sly and innocuous hunter of criminals. Now "Wildcat" Gordon had duende to spare; he was flint and granite duded up in loud, ridiculous clothes and he ran his police department like a private army, to the eternal chagrin of every weak kneed politician in town. He went out of his way to antagonize anyone who tried to ham-string his crime crushing efforts, often at the risk of his job. He was reck-



© 1938 Street & Smith



JAMES "WILDCAT" GORDON

© Street & Smith

is full and deep and shuddery, infinitely expressive. One imagines The Shadow's cloak to be of some thick, velvety material that hangs in rich deep folds. While, The Spider's mantle bells behind him as he swings, a thin sheet lacking a crimson lanning and perhaps prone to wrinkles. You can look for duende in The Spider, but if you have to look, it's not there.

Duende suggests itself and if you try to dissect it, or its subject, it evaporates like spilt alcohol. Now it may be that duende operates according to certain unfathomable rules. If this is the case, then Tarzan of the Apes illustrates that rule. A magnificent character when first created; who through overuse, misuse and abuse (all of it by an author understandably tired of the character) was reduced to a redundant automaton, twitching and jerking and automatically losing Jane to a new kidnapper and discovering yet another lost city along the road to the usual boring denouement.

But, Tarzan certainly had duende in those early years of noble innocence and savagery. The victory cry of the bull ape was pure black sound. Which is more than we can say for the likes of Ki-gor, Jongor, Ka-zar, et al.

Conan had duende, and so, presently, do Fafhrd and The Grey Mouser. (But, you will notice, it takes two of them). Though Solomon Kane has it all over the three of them. There are degrees of duende, as you might guess. Degrees and shades and nuances. And duende is by no means restricted to the heros of literature. A few (though very few) villains attained duende.

Doc Savage's John Sunlight managed, though it was through sheer will rather than personality. Dr. Moriarity glowed with it, but his radiance is diminished by the more brilliant aura of Sherlock Holmes. And lastly, the sole solitary creature in all of literature who must be the undisputed, uncrowned Dey Of Duende. A man who was literally drenched with the stuff:

The incomparable Dr. Fu Manchu.

If Edgar Rice Burroughs ruined Tarzan with overexposure, Sax Rohmer tantalized us with Fu Manchu, playing his infrequent appearances to the hilt. We await, along with Smith, Petrie and whomsoever else, his advent and hang on his every pronouncement. There was duende in his tall cat-like walk, in transparent mem-



THE WHISPERER

© Street & Smith

branes that muted the brilliant green of his eyes, like second eyelids, but, most of all, in his sheer physical presence. Like standing before a huge, throbbing dynamo, it's very nearness is frightening. Such is Dr. Fu Manchu.

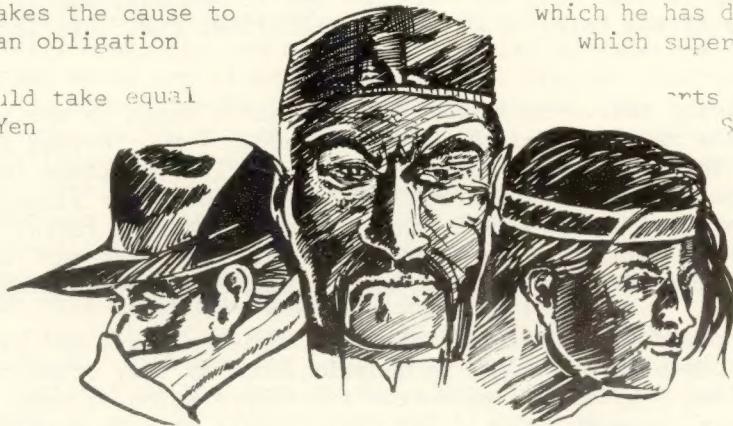
It's odd that the most charismatic of all such characters is also one of the most evil. Or perhaps, it's because of this. Possibly it lies in the fact that his near-absolute evil is tempered by a stricter code of behavior than governs most others. For Dr. Fu Manchu is a man of high ideals and aims who, though he pursues his goals in a reprehensible manner, is often thwarted by his strict adherence to his sense of honor.

Who other than Fu Manchu, his bid for control of the U. S. crushed, and an entire city out to capture him, would risk his life and freedom and place himself in the hands of his bitterest foe Nayland Smith, just to treat an insignificant child whom he feels obligated to.

It matters not that he later escapes, but that he forsakes the cause to for the sake of an obligation

for none of his plans are foolproof, which he has devoted his life which supersedes his fanaticism.

Why, you could take equal
Wu Fang and Dr. Yen
and pour them
proper vessel
not come very
It could be
personality
Manchu lies
Stone to the
duende. Even
character of
spanned fifty
never really lost his luster, never really dulled. Though evil can command respect, where but in the character of Fu Manchu does it spawn admiration, even in those who stand against him?



arts of Dr. Death,
Sin, mix well
into the
and still
close!!!
that in the
of Dr. Fu
the Rosetta
mystery of
though the
Fu Manchu
years, he

But again, it's a matter of duende whispering it's message in a voice we can empathize with, though never fully understand. We can marvel at it's wonderful chemistry but never distill or understand it, but only sense, somehow, when something is instinct with it.

But that's the way of duende.*

*(Those of you who are intrigued by the concept of duende are advised to refer to "The Poet In New York", by Garcia Lorca, wherein the latter discusses the word in its purest sense. Although Lorca first coined the term, DUENDE owes its name to the late George Frazier, who frequently discoursed upon it in his columns for The Boston Globe, until his death in 1974).

THE EDITOR'S SAY

This, then, is DUENDE The First. There aren't now, and never have been, many PULP fanzines available to the collector at any one time; and it speaks very well for PULP Fandom, as a whole, that the number of quality zines tallies pretty closely with the number of PULP zines, period.

Well, now there's another. I say this despite the fact that the finished product is still in the future--but with some feeling of confidence, DUENDE intends to be a very experimental vehicle with a number of avowed goals, and probably a few others that will suggest themselves as we go along. When I first conceived DUENDE in October '74, it was with the intention of producing a regularly-published journal for PULP collectors which would feature the kinds of articles I felt could and should be written. I took the idea to a couple of friends, Mark Antranig and John McCarthy, and both of them were very enthusiastic. So I began to assemble the first issue. As things turned out, both of them had to bow out, and it was only through the good graces of the folks at ODYSSEY PUBLICATIONS that this issue could be produced.

It was during this transitional stage, that I began to see a potential in what I was trying to do that hitherto escaped me. Beyond good, well-researched articles, there had to be more. One of the first of these ideas is the problem of graphics in the PULP fanzine. Looking at the other zines in the field, I saw that they all had a weakness in this area, despite the talent that abounds. There is simply so much that could be done graphically with the PULPS. Our current back cover is a good example of this, and I plan, Rick Roe willing, to do a series of such pages.

Our front cover is yet another example. Originally, I had planned to reproduce the obligatory photo of the cover in question, but as they often come out muddy or misrepresentative, I opted for an artist's interpretation of same. I think that the results more than prove my point. Not that I don't plan to reproduce original covers, mind you; it's just that they don't work as cover art.

But, beyond all of this, our primary purpose is communication. Or to preserve and further a mutual interest in the PULPS. Whether you remember them "back when", or are acquainted with them through reprints, I'm sure most of you will agree with me as to their importance as popular culture, their contribution to literature, or just a entertainment.

The PULPS were a curious phenomenon, so curious that it takes a word like "duende", to describe them. While I won't go into an appreciation here; I will offer a quote by a man who's come the closest to a succinct judgement of them. Nick Carr said it best: "The PULPS helped me to kind of grow up or stay young, whichever the case". I suspect that they did both, and that they did it for many of us.

Another very important goal of DUENDE is to gather pertinent data (whether checklists, biographical information, or such trivia as fills our gremlins column). So, the main focus is the PULPS. Not that we intend to ignore any PULP manifestations in other media; but all such articles should and will be done from a PULP point of view. Our premiere issue is concerned with so-called "hero pulps", but we're by no means so limited. Any data or articles of note pertaining to Western, Detective, Fantasy or Air War PULPS are not only welcomed, but actively solicited.

Speaking of the premier issue, the one strong drawback of this is the fact that most of the articles were written by myself. As good as some of them may be (and most of them are quite good), this is no way to run a magazine and I'll be

the first to own up to that statement. Circumstances forced this state of affairs, but by issue two, we should have a number of outside contributors. But so many more are needed. DUENDE asks for your help. Whether in the form of suggestions, articles, or column material, we urge you all to pitch in. DUENDE is not concerned with showing a profit and thanks to our friends at ODYSSEY PUBLICATIONS the printing bill is of little moment. The important thing is active support and encouragement, and the fulfilling of our stated goals. If these things can be accomplished, then DUENDE will be self-propulsive.

So write! Or phone, if you wish (617-328-9460 after 5 P.M. E.S.T.; no collect calls, please) but, above all, become involved. I will try to answer all questions and letters (provided an SASE is enclosed) that need answering.

Just remember, it's your reactions and participation that will make DUENDE what it is and I hope to hear from many of you who liked this first effort, and who may have liked some of my past efforts in THE MAN BEHIND DOC SAVAGE, XENOPHILE and, if you remember back that far, THE DOC SAVAGE READER. You may also consider DUENDE as a pipeline into ODYSSEY PUBLICATIONS and your reactions in that area are also solicited.

I'd like to make a public plea for checklist information on a particular interest of mine; Lester Dent. As he wrote a great deal of interesting material outside of the Doc Savage canon, I think it of paramount importance that his work be cataloged and preserved. So I'd like any and all information relating to his work and with a goal of printing at least the beginnings of a Lester Dent checklist. Information on Lynn Lash, Cleve Dane, Lee Nace, Foster Fadé, Click Rush, the Ed Stone stories he wrote in CRIME BUSTERS as K. Robeson and anything else is absolutely essential. Story titles, issues and dates are of primary concern. Random stories and possible pen-names (I know of only two; Tim Ryan and H.O. Cash) are also needed.

As a sort of incentive, DUENDE will be offering free issues, and through the help of our photographer Patrick Pinnelli, color photos of classic PULP covers (SHADOW, SPIDER, DOC SAVAGE, etc.) to those supplying the most important information. Contributors may chose the kind of cover they desire, as well as the size (one 8 x 10 or a quartet of smaller shots). Please help us in this, no matter how little data you may have.

Dent aside, any other checklist data that has never been collected before, is welcome. It can be an author or series checklist, no matter. A good example of needed data are the Norgil the Magician stories that appeared in CRIME BUSTERS and MYSTERY MAGAZINE from 1937-1940 under the Maxwell Grant pen name.



Will Murray....

AS YOU SOW EVIL,
SO SHALL YOU
REAP EVIL.

DENT'S DETECTIVES



Lester Dent's career as a writer spanned almost thirty years, most of it spent writing for the PULPS. It began with the sale of a novel "Pirate Cay" in 1929 to TOP NOTCH and ended with a mystery, "Lady In Peril" published the year that he died, 1959. His favorite genre seemed to be the adventure-detective story and his early writings seem to have been influenced by Dashiell Hammett, whose "Maltese Falcon" was printed in BLACK MASK the year Dent began his career.

After his first year of writing DOC SAVAGE, Dent began to develop his own peculiar style of prose writing--an increasingly tongue-in-cheek, unselfconscious, headlong approach to the subject matter, regardless of its violence. Jim Steranko calls it "bravura frenzy" although, it might best be called "brute whimsey" and was best exemplified in the character of Monk Mayfair. This style characterized Dent's work for the remainder of the '30's until he came under the influence of another BLACK MASK alumnus, Raymond Chandler.

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Chandler's style might have slowly crept into DOC SAVAGE before the publication of "The Big Sleep" in 1939, but it wasn't until about 1940 or so that Chandler's tone and signature metaphors started turning up in DOC SAVAGE. By this point, Lester Dent had clearly found his literary totem, so to speak. And Chandler's taut, muscular prose would color Dent's own from that point forward, though certain unique Dentian elements remained.

We remember Lester Dent for his work on the DOC SAVAGE corpus, a body of work that started off exalting the twin gods, Science and Supermar, only to prove them false idols in the end. But the fact of the matter is that he neither created Doc Savage, nor are all the novels attributed to him, his work alone. Often, he'd sub-contract a Doc Savage to another writer and submit it under his own name, although he often re-wrote these stories himself.

The story goes that Doc Savage was created by Henry Ralston, then vice president of Street and Smith (probably aided and abetted by editor John Nanovic) and Dent was contracted to write him--that's all. According to Philip Jose Farmer in his book, "Doc Savage, His Apocoliptic Life", Dent wanted to change the character's name from the outset to something now forgotten (Genius Jones, perhaps?). It follows that if he wanted to change Doc's name, he might also have submitted other ideas, ideas that might have been incorporated into the series. But the question is: What ideas? What elements in Doc Savage were Dent's and what were not? It's a question that may never be fully answered to everyone's satisfaction, but a question whose answer, if one may be found, probably lies in an examination of Lester Dent's work outside of DOC SAVAGE.

The trouble is, little enough is known about Dent's work outside of DOC SAVAGE. The magazines containing Lester Dent's byline are scarce, expensive and the problem is compounded by the fact that he wrote under unknown pen names frequently enough. There is a dearth of information on his other writing; no checklists exist. Perhaps this is because there is little interest in Lester Dent outside of DOC SAVAGE. Little interest and, perhaps, no reward in such endeavor. After all, we remember Lester Dent because of Doc Savage. Or is it the other way around? While most of us are familiar with the likes of Lee Nace, Click Rush and Oscar Sail, there are

others less well known.

How many have ever heard of Lynn Lash? Or Foster Fade, the Crime Spectacularist? And who knows how many others that might have appeared in such PULPS such as WAR BIRDS, CLUES, or WESTERN TRAILS? In examining Dent's non-LC SAVAGE material, we are looking for recurring themes and elements, for common denominators and archetypes. It's a cardinal rule that every writer, regardless of what he writes, infuses into his works something of himself and his attitudes. This can take any form, from Robert E. Howard's "barbarism will triumph", to Lester Dent's predilection toward gadgets. All of these things reflect what is referred to as the author's private life-myth. And the important thing to remember is that these recurring themes will manifest themselves in a majority of an author's works regardless of when they were written.

Lynn Lash is probably one of the first series characters that Lester Dent ever devised. He predates Doc Savage by at least a year and, not surprisingly in the light of the recurring elements theory, anticipates him to some degree. Lash was in the Craig Kennedy mold, a "scientific" detective and appeared in the pages of DETECTIVE DRAGNET a PULP notable for its House Symbol---a swastika! He shared the pages with Wade Hammond, a detective written by Paul Chadwick, who would later write SECRET AGENT X.

Lynn Lash, scientist, is a sort of consulting expert for the New York Police Department. He maintains a laboratory-living quarters on the sixth floor of a swank Park Avenue apartment house where he's assisted by his boyish girl secretary, Rickey Dean. Physically, Lynn Lash is the archetype for many of Dent's characters to follow. He is tall, grey-eyed and long and lean of face, arm and leg. Though not as laconic as later creations, he tanned and rather fond of gadgets. He wears a gardenia his lapel.

In one of the earliest of the short (they ran about 25 pages) Lynn Lash stories, "The Sinister Ray" (printed in March/1932, exactly a year before Doc Savage debuted), we find some rather familiar elements. The tale begins with the blinding of scores of people by a mysterious ray in part of New York. Lash is called in and, by page three, practically solves the case by consulting his files! After the unknown ray strikes again and menacing Orientals in protective hoods are linked to the phenomenon, Lash and Rickey proceed to an experimental laboratory where they encounter a lady scientist and her somewhat familiar assistant.

The later is an apish, rowdy man whose name happens to be Monk. Monk Cullin, that is. But, no matter, for this Monk walks, talks and acts exactly as that other Monk, but with one small exception. The lady, Kay Stone by name, and Monk turn out to be assistants to a missing inventor who had devised the blinding ray. Lash takes them in tow as he proceeds against the menace in the hope that they can provide him with information that would result in a catalyst to the ray.

But the party is ambushed by helmeted Asians who kidnap Miss Stone. Lash and Monk are left intact and the former attempts to duplicate the ray and find a counteragent. They have another unsuccessful brush with the Asians again and the pair are then lured to a room where the girl is being held. During the showdown, it turns out that this Monk is one of the villains! He makes the mistake of trying to chill Lash with his own gun. The trick weapon backfires, killing Monk. The Orientals are killed in the subsequent battle with police and Kay Stone is revealed



as the head of the plot to sell the ray to Japan. There are overtones of "The Maltese Falcon", as Lash appears to tumble for Kay at one point, but when she's revealed, he embraces her and: "Now, now, don't cut up!" he said thickly. "It's all over---all but electrocuting you."

The stories all follow a similar pattern, with Lash being called in to solve weird crimes. "The Invisible Horde", "Devil's Cargo" and the "Mummy Murders" are some of his other cases. The latter, printed in the December/1932 issue, involves an extortion plot centering around the men who suddenly become mummies because of something called the Mummy-maker. This turns out to be a giant leech which drains bodily fluids, thus creating instant mummies. Lash destroys it with a gadget that fires chemical bullets, and unmasks the creature's master.

Sometimes referred to as "the living Sherlock Holmes", Lynn Lash employs a number of devices that would later become Doc Savage staples, including ultra-violet light projectors, a gun resembling Doc's mercy pistols, and other paraphenalia. Lash has a few informal aides who appear as needed: Al Cord, a reporter; Red, a sort of chauffeur; and Detective Sargent Sam Casey. As with Doc Savage, Lash has a lot of pull with the police and can comandeer a patrol car at will. He also has the habit of dropping out of sight in order to conduct scientific experiments in his secret lab on Fifth Avenue; not exactly a Fortress of Solitude, but the idea is the same.

Dent's style in Lynn Lash is that of a rather rough Dashiell Hammett, colored with gadgets and weird overtones. The stories by themselves are nothing to jump up and down about, but their significance in the light of what is to come, is obvious. Dent clearly walked into the DOC SAVAGE contract with a few ideas of his own kicking around in his head. Possibly quite a few were rejected, but quite a few more managed to find their way into the series, as the Lynn Lash tales testify. But further examination of his other work is needed before we can gauge his contributions to the series.

The same year he began writing Doc Savage (1933), Dent had another detective character who fought his way through a set of short stories. The character was Lee Nace, and the magazine was TEN DETECTIVE ACES, which was actually a retitled DETECTIVE DRAGNET. Nace is a New York city detective. He's tall, gaunt and blond. His face and sombre clothes make him resemble a minister. Like Lash, he's a man with a reputation; other lawmen study his methods of approach. It's not very surprising that he's big on gadgets, too; though they're less scientific than might be expected. His bag of tricks runs to things like a simulated-hair skullcap and a shoe that shoots. Unlike most of Dent's detectives, he carries a gun--a gripless .38 revolver that's hidden up his sleeve. The stories are the weird crime type such as "The Cavern Of Heads", "The Skeleton's Clutch" and "The Flaming Mask". The

style of the writing is about the same as the Lash tales, a bit more polished perhaps. Prior to this, Dent did at least one story about another detective, Cleve Dane. He appeared in "The Whistling Corpse". After doing Doc Savage for about a year, Dent began yet another series involving a gadget-happy detective.

This one was about Foster Fade, the Crime Spectacularist, and appeared in ALL DETECTIVE, sharing the spotlight with no less than Dr. Death as well as such forgotten worthies as Lancing Colt and Chinatown's Dorcus Noel. By this time, Dent has developed, from his writing on Doc





Savage, no doubt, his most comfortable prose style. He's settled into a groove and gotten very adept at writing this kind of formula story.

Foster Fade works for the yellowest tabloid in New York, *The Planet*. As the Crime Spectacularist, Fade's job is to solve unusual crimes in an unusual manner for the less than altruistic purpose of boosting *The Planet's* circulation. Fade operates out of a gadget-festooned office on the fortieth floor of the *Planet* building. He's not exactly self-sufficient, as are most of Dent's other detectives. Gubb Hackrox, owner of *The Planet*, finances his escapades. Though he devises his own gadgets, two mechanics work around the clock constructing them from his plans. And to top it all off, he doesn't even write his own stories. His platinum-blonde, very tough secretary, Dinamenta ("Din") Stevens is his ghost writer.

Despite all this, Fade does have an excellent knack for getting in and out of tough situations. In keeping with Dent's own heroes, Fade is no less than seven feet tall and very thin, at that. His eyes and hair (which always needs cutting) are very pale. Fade is the first of the non-Doc Savage characters not to smoke or carry a gun. Nor is he on good terms with the law.

One of the first, if not *the* first Crime Spectacularist stories is "Hell In Boxes", which appeared in *ALL DETECTIVE*, Feb./1934. When a man, seeking Fade's help, is killed by a weird odor that effects only its intended victim, the Crime spectacularist gets involved with two factions of antagonists from a South American republic and a strange killer called The Aroma Assassin. During the spree of killings that follow, an incredibly wrinkled man named Senor Dondo tries to hire Fade to track down Spain Austin, a soldier of fortune who is running guns to the revolutionaries in Costa Nuevo.

In true Lester Dent style, Dondo turns out to be The Aroma Assassin, and in the employ of the dictator of Costa Nuevo. The aroma deaths are explained by the fact that the intended victims are planted with a flask of gas that becomes like mustard gas when another vapor is released in their direction. Naturally, Dondo is killed by his own invention and Fade recovers a cache of stolen weapons.

"White-Hot Corpses" appears in the next issue, in a story that contains the germ of an idea that Dent would later develop in *DOC SAVAGE* as "The Stone Man". A terrified man, whose smoking white hands are so brittle that they break off upon contact, accosts Din Stevens near an abandoned amusement park. A Santa Claus-like man named Captain O'Sloud kills him and kidnaps Din. He then tries unsuccessfully to lure Fade out of the way and the latter, aware that Din is a prisoner, tracks her down in typical Lester Dent style.

Climbing to the Zeppelin mast of the Empire State Building (no less), he photographs the horizon with an infra-red camera, which reveals the I-R projector on Din's auto and, thus, her location. By this time, the smoking corpse of the man Din had met earlier has turned up, and Fade learns that something called the Dragon's Skull is in back of the affair. The rest of the story takes place in a weird abandoned amusement park where Fade finds Din, the white hot body of O'Sloud and a sinister old caretaker, Meek. It comes out later that the Dragon's Skull is a chest of Oriental treasure that O'Sloud had picked up in the days when he was a Manchurian warlord. And the whole white-hot corpse phenomenon is explained as the result of Meek's dipping O'Sloud and his partner's hands in a solution of liquid oxygen to torture the location of the treasure out of them. As is to be expected, Meek is

literally frozen out of the affair in the showdown.

In "Murder By Circles" (ALL DETECTIVE May/1934) a man named Oxberry visits Fade and demands of him a parrot. Fade doesn't have any parrot and manages to convince the other of this. No sooner does Oxberry leave than a girl arrives with a parrot, wanting to trade her avian for the one Fade doesn't have, claiming that he was given the wrong parrot in the first place! By this time, Fade is naturally both interested and confused by whatever's going on. He manages to obtain a coded message from the bird's leg and the next thing he knows; a man is found murdered, unmarked except for a purple circle on his wrist.

Fade goes to the dead man's pet shop and discovers that dozens of parrots have been stolen. He later learns that the birds had been picked up at sea, where they had been found, drifting alone in a dugout! As the affair unravels, and more people are found murdered by the death spot, it develops that Oxberry, the girl and an unspeakably ugly man, one Septemus Sponson, had been smuggling contraband into the country aboard their yacht. The skipper had scuttled the yacht, full of loot, deliberately, and had shipwrecked the whole crew on an island. There, he secreted the ship's position on a parrot and cast a dugout full of the birds out to sea. The others discovered this and, after they were rescued, had to track the parrots down.

In the denouement, Sponson falls victim to his own trick---a venomous spider which he had used to kill the others, the source of the purple circles. Oxberry and the girl fall victims to a Fade trick---a book which is supposed to reveal the yacht's location in secret writing, when dipped in water. They dip it in water and it produces tear gas, thus ending the matter.

As reflected in the Fade tales and the Doc Savage novels then, 1934 seems to be the year that Dent had developed and polished both his style and the signature elements that mark most of his work. What tedium lay in his stories is gone as the prose percolates quirkily and thoroughly. In short, Dent is Dent.

Dent's signature elements are many, and easily recognizable. Besides the inevitable gadgets, Dent has developed his stock ending; wherein, the villain is destroyed by his own evil machinations, often aided by the hero. Another such element is the devise of having weather disturbances (storms, hurricanes, etc.) form a sort of obligatto to the flow of action. Yet another, is Dent's heavy reliance on physically unusual secondary characters in lieu of psychological characterization.

(This would later change when he fell under Chandler's spell, though it would never be sublimated). The hero's operating out of some lofty metropolitan aerie is also a common denominator that pops up frequently.

Then, there are the archetypes. Not the least of which is the inordinately tall, lanky detective---laconic and fond of gadgets, a trickster out of folklore. (Folk archetypes also recur throughout his writings. In fact, Doc Savage reads almost as if written deliberately as updated folk tales. But this is a line of pursuit best followed in a separate article).

Even in his non-series work, this symbolic figure shows up. Corporal Ole Gates of the Northwest Mounted Police appeared in a short story which saw print in the very first issue of DOC SAVAGE, under the Lester Dent byline. The story was titled "Snow Tricks" and Gates is depicted as being seven feet tall. Some renegades try to kidnap him and frame him for a double murder, but instead, find the skinny Mountie to be a tall hunk of trouble.



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Publications

Lash, Nace, Fade and Gates are all archetypes. Actually, imitations of an original. But who or what is the original? Who is *the* archetype, *the* prototype, of these characters??? There are many clues, clues I'll leave to the reader to puzzle over while we go on to the other Dent archetypes:

The basic character of an apish vulgarian named Monk, sometimes good, sometimes evil, but usually an admixture of both. We know from "The Sinister Ray" that Dent was using the protomorphic idea before Monk Mayfair was conceived. Though it was most strongly realized in the familiar Doc Savage sidekick, it still recurs often enough. There is a Monk Priest in "The Finger", a story in ALL DETECTIVE, Dec./1934. He is a gangster and dies in the course of the story. It's also interesting to note that, despite the fact that Monk was physically unique, throughout the DOC SAVAGE series, he encounters a number of doubles of himself. ("Thousand-Headed Man" is one example, among others). Where this figure originated is difficult to say. Dent may have plucked him out of something he once read, out of thin air or, possibly, may have based him on someone he actually knew. In this connection, it might be noted that in the final Doc Savage novel, "Up From The Earth's Core", Monk is the only one of Doc's men to accompany him to Hell.

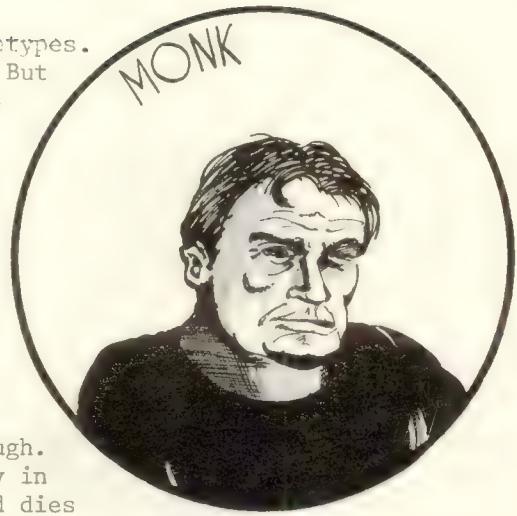
The fat villain, ranging from plump to elephantine, is a frequently appearing image. Unlike Monk this archetype has a clearly traceable model and a rather familiar one, at that. He is derived from none other than Kaspar Gutman of "The Maltese Falcon" fame. Dashiell Hammett's vivid description of the huge rogue, almost word for word, sometimes in part or modified, usually accompanies these characters. Here Dent merely re-uses an image that must have strongly impressed him during his first year of writing.

A fourth archetype is a rather fluid one; that of a female possessing certain male characteristics. This type may have developed merely to meet the demands of the kind of stories Dent was writing. At any rate, this image runs the spectrum from the tomboyishness of Pat Savage, Kina La Forge and scores of others to the extreme manishness of the likes of Herculena (in "Hades"; ARGOSY, Dec./1936) and Titania and Giantia ("Fortress Of Solitude"). All of these women are highly competent, though in different ways, and they are more able than most men.

But, we still have to trace the lanky detective archetype. There is a further evolution of this figure; one like, yet unlike his predecessors.

In late 1936, Dent continued his towering detective obsession with the character of Oscar Sail. He appeared in a pair of tales, "Sail" and "Angelfish", which he considered to be his best work ever. The writing style is typical BLACK MASK--savage and intense, unlike anything Dent had done to date, though in spirit they harken back to Lynn Lash and Lee Nace. Later, he would write some of the later Doc Savage stories in this vein. The Sail stories are something of a turnabout, a retrogression.

Briefly, Sail is cut along familiar lines. He resembles Fade most of all. He is exceedingly tall and his hair and eyes have a washed-out look. He lives, not in the concrete towers of New York but, in an all-black Chesapeake bug-eye called "Sail". He has a strange bent toward things black; his clothes--polo shirt, pants and sneakers--are all black. He is the first of Dent's characters to manifest a





taste in one-color attire, but not the last. *Sail* does conform to the norm in that he's a private detective, although an off-beat one. He haunts the Miami area, apparently taking cases as they come. No lover of gadgets; he does carry a revolver though--one that usually contains two tear gas shells in the chamber in addition to lead shot.

The plots of both stories, interestingly enough, are no different from the stuff that Dent has done up to this time. "*Sail*" concerned the location of a sunken yacht full of treasure, while "*Angel-fish*" had to do with efforts to locate documents pertaining to an oil strike. The power of both stories lay in the tough, violent, clipped prose and in the sombre character of Oscar *Sail*.

To put Oscar *Sail* into perspective, the stories were written after an extended vacation, of sorts, when Lester Dent went off treasure hunting in his schooner, "*The Albatross*". He wrote little or no *DOC SAVAGE* at that time and, when he returned, he did the *Sail* stories, as well as a trio of serials for *ARGOSY*. While the *Sail* stuff was well crafted, reflecting a possible new direction in his work after a long sabbatical, the *ARGOSY* stories ("*Hades*", "*Genius Jones*" and "*Hocus Pocus*") are more of the letting-one's-hair-down variety. They all concern characters who are, in varying degrees, innocents cast upon society's concrete shores.

The heros of these three tales fit the archetypal image, though less rigidly than the others. For one thing, none of them are detectives--intentionally, that is. And they are all rather young--in their early twenties. Alexander Titus is 6'2" tall, has fuzzy red hair and is an ex-Olympic decathlon champion. He appears in "*Hades*", along with a Monk variant named Haw Gooch. In "*Hocus Pocus*", the hero is Cal Merton, traveling magician. Young, tall and gangling; he is assisted by a near-double named Imagination Daly. Daly has red hair, as opposed to Merton's white locks. (Pay attention, now...these things are important)! The hero of "*Genius Jones*" is Genius Jones, yet another red-haired young giant who teams up with a short, homely friend, Funny Pegger. Jones is a sort of inverse *Doc Savage*. He was raised in an iceberg and came full-grown and unexposed to the world at large. Now, the thrust of all this is that there are common denominators in all of the aforementioned characters, from Lynn Lash down to Genius Jones. The common denominator is Lester Dent.

The prototype is Lester Dent, *himself!!!* It's obvious; simple, in fact.

First of all Dent was 6'2", rather tall especially back then. Though he weighed over two hundred, he might have been rather thin as a youth, but no matter. The point is that he projected his height onto his archetype; this self-image (remember the life-myth theory?) that under many names was *the* Dent hero, a projection of himself. The lankiness they had in common may have stemmed from the inevitable awkward feelings of a tall youth. Dent's predilection for gadgetry and his red hair, were superimposed upon these characters; on most of them, anyway. They were more than an archetype, they were an ideal. Living in concrete towers (remember, Dent grew up on a farm), the toast of the town because of their ingenuity, they were imposing men who kept a little apart from the mainstream.

Let's take them in order, superimposed upon Lester Dent's personal progress at the time:

1932: Dent is an up-and-coming writer, relatively new to New York. Lynn Lash



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events of the last few years in perspective. Possibly he reminisces about his advent in New York and subsequent meteoric rise to comparative wealth. If so, he doubtless also rededicates himself as a writer. Deciding that Doc Savage is too lucrative to abandon forever, at the same time, he vows to break out of his literary rut. And so, back to New York.

Aside from taking up Doc Savage again, he writes the *Sail* stories, as well as the *ARGOSY* serials. As *Oscar Sail*, Dent no longer sees himself as a New Yorker, so *Sail* lives aboard ship, just as Dent has for the last several months. The gadgets are dropped because they are a literary device and Dent wants to write uncluttered tales. With *Oscar Sail*, Dent has almost, but not quite exorcised his personal demon.

The *ARGOSY* tales are just the opposite. Whereas *Sail* is a direction toward the future, these stories are a fond harkening back to the past. Lester Dent is strongly in these tales, but it's not the Lester Dent as a personal self-image of today, rather a reflection of the Dent that was, the country boy in the big city for the first time. All the heroes in these stories are tall and red-headed; and all have a rather comical "Monk-like" sidekick. (Remember the theory that Monk may have been based on a real life counterpart--a possible friend of Dent's?) In fact, Alexander Titus' height and weight are exactly those of Dent's.

For him, these tales must have been a pure nostalgic exercise, a summation of all he'd learned in life and a pause to reflect before going on. Now we come to:

1937: the birth of a new PULP magazine--*CRIMEBUSTERS*. The Dent archetype is resurrected again, but most of the idle wish-fulfillment is gone out of him. Dent may not be entirely happy with Doc Savage (and he's undoubtedly sub-contracting the novels out, left and right) but he can live with it. He has had a set-back, however, the dismissal of Joseph T. Shaw from *BLACK MASK*. Dent had credited Shaw with bringing out what power lay in him and infusing it into the *Sail* Stories.

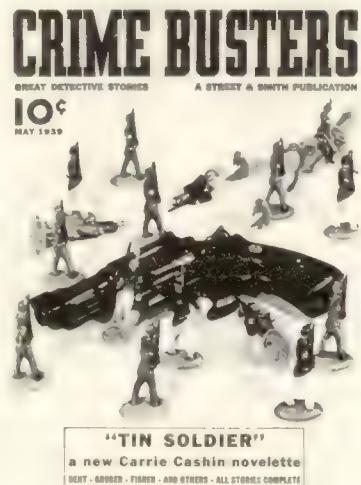
is a well-dressed scientist, a man who has impressed the police to the point that they seek him out for help. The type of man whom someone new to the city would like to be; clever enough to win the favor of those who seem a bit aloof and self-important.

1933: The *DOC SAVAGE* contract is landed. Lee Nace is as famous and clever as Lynn Lash, but is self-reliant. Instead of being consulted, he seeks out his own cases and solves them, again through his own ingenuity.

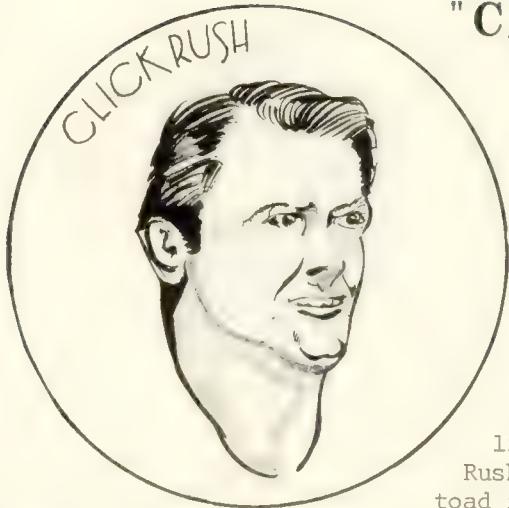
1934: Dent has settled into *DOC SAVAGE* and is comfortable, having found his formula and an easy writing style. Foster Fadé is employed by a large publisher (Street and Smith, anyone?). He does all the thinking and fighting, while others do the drudgery. His hair often needs cutting (Dent hadn't visited a barber until he was 19).

1935: Perhaps a bit of the magic is wearing off. Dent wearies of Doc Savage every month. So, he goes treasure hunting.

1936: Turning point. After a long treasure hunting cruise, Dent has had time to think, to put the events of the last few years in perspective. Possibly he reminisces about his advent in New York and subsequent meteoric rise to comparative wealth. If so, he doubtless also rededicates himself as a writer. Deciding that Doc Savage is too lucrative to abandon forever, at the same time, he vows to break out of his literary rut. And so, back to New York.



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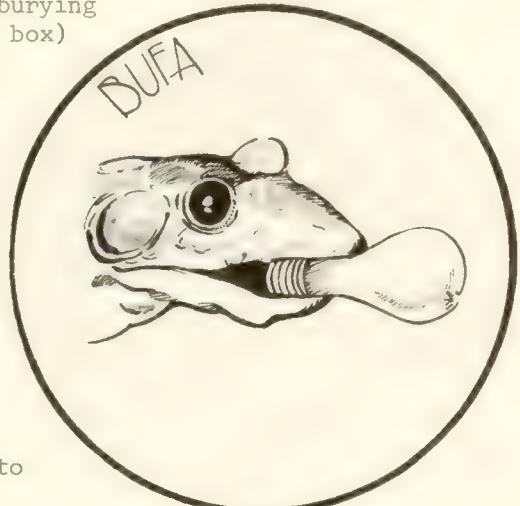
"Click" (short for Clickell) Rush (notice how all the archetypes have four-letter, one-syllable names---Lash, Nace, Fade, Gates, Sail, Rush and, of course, Dent), the Gadget Man, first saw light of day in 1937 and was the longest running of the secondary characters, lasting until 1940. With these tales, Dent really let his hair down. They are told in a free-wheeling style full of down home Missouri slang. Dent is reaccepting his roots and rejecting the futility of the big city. (In 1940, he moved back to Missouri). Click Rush is an enterprising young man who devises crime-fighting gadgets in the hope of selling them to the police. But the latter want no part of these and

Rush is surprised one day to find a large, green toad in his room. The toad turns out to be a radio device that announces itself as "Bufa" and slaps Rush time and time again with the responsibility of solving crimes with his gadgets. Rush, having the requisite amount of sense that can be expected in a young man, refuses at first. That is, until one half of a ten thousand dollar bill is sent to him and the talking toad promises the other half upon completion of an assignment. From that point on, Click Rush goes about solving crimes that he wants no part of; he repeatedly courts violent death at the behest of the unknown Bufa, whose identity he never does discover.

A liking for gadgetry is the only element that this evolution of the archetypal Lester Dent retains. Like Sail, he likes monotone clothes, brown in this case. He also eschews city life, living in a camping trailer most of the time. If Rush is unusually tall, I find no mention of this in the stories I have read. In spirit, he's rather like those inexperienced and forever put-upon ARGOSY characters. The pendulum is swinging in the other direction, Lester Dent is going home.

If there is any doubt about this, the story "The Minks And The Weasals" attests to this. (It appeared in CRIMEBUSTERS, May/1939). It is set, in of all places, Dent's home town of La Plata, Missouri. Rush is out celebrating the fact that Bufa hasn't spoken in some time, when a man claiming to be his Uncle Jethro of Missouri (whom Rush doesn't recollect) walks in and presents him with a copy of his will. Rather nice timing, as Jethro's charred bones turn up in a flaming car wreck the very next day. Rush is stuck with the chore of burying the remains (which are presented to him in a tin box) at a certain spot in La Plata as the will stipulates.

When Rush arrives, he is attacked by two large dogs, Bowser and Howser, meets a man named Slim, is told he must kill a girl he doesn't know, discovers the latter, who tells him Uncle Jethro was shot several days ago in La Plata, and is promptly arrested. Rush escapes most of this with his gadgets, all of which are lifted from Doc Savage. They include tear gas, a cellophane-like gas mask and false heels containing thermite and smoke bombs. Having escaped hired killers and a local sheriff, Rush and the girl Annie, proceed to



the spot where he was to have buried Jethro. There they find stolen furs, mostly mink, and Rush subdues the human weasals of the title. Much to the Gadget Man's chagrin, the whole thing turns out to be another of Bufo's schemes to force Rush into solving a crime. Bufo had learned of the real Jethro's murder, when the latter had stumbled upon the stolen furs. Bufo then sent a ringer to trick Rush into going to La Plata, ostensibly to bury a body which was really only a box of soup bones. Still and all, Rush does receive the usual ten grand reward and the mysterious Bufo remains unknown. Some other Click Rush stories are, "The Talking Toad" and "Windjam".

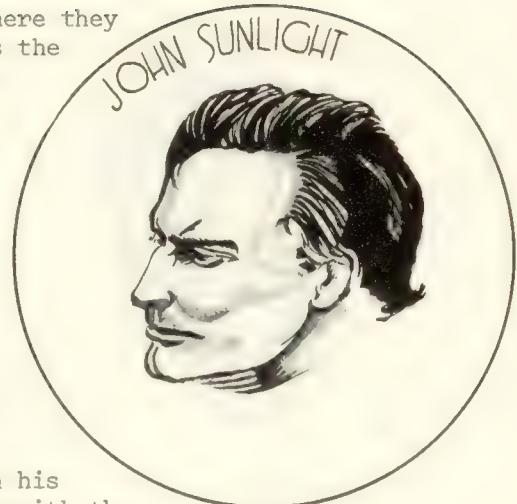
Despite the point to which Dent has taken his alter-ego, he is still not quite through with the original archetype; almost, but not quite. He makes his last appearance in two stories, both of them in the DOC SAVAGE series. His name is fairly-well known. He is John Sunlight!

There may be deep psychological reasons behind all this. Beyond the creator meeting creation idea, there is still the fact that Dent considered Doc Savage as a limiting factor on his writing development. This swansong of sorts might symbolize Dent's surrender to Doc Savage; a compromise at least. At any rate, John Sunlight, the only foe ever to face Doc Savage twice, fits the physical mold of the early archetype. He is very, very tall and gaunt, as well. He has the face of a gentle poet, but hollow, burning eyes. Sunlight (the one-syllable last name hang-up is gone now) is a human monster, an exceedingly evil creature. In other words, the archetype as seen reflected in the blackest obsidian. With John Sunlight, Dent really excorcises his self-image; he is totally divorced from it now, and means to destroy it.

Sunlight does not create gadgets, he steals them. He steals them from Doc Savage and, like Genius Jones, descends upon humanity from the cold fastness of the Arctic. Unlike Jones, Sunlight means nothing but harm, although it's later shown that his intentions are only the best. He wants world peace, but he commits evils innumerable in pursuit of that goal. Like Sail and Rush, Sunlight affects solid colors. But whereas the others liked one color, Sunlight likes them all. Whether white, red or blue, his suits are all cut of the same shade of whatever color strikes his fancy at a particular time.

Sunlight's two appearances ("Fortress Of Solitude" and "The Devil Genghis") mark the end of the towering detective obsession that characterized much of Dent's fiction during the '30's. When John Sunlight was hacked to death in Asia, the great Lester Dent life-myth of the city ended, too. Dent was on his way home and even the giant Doc Savage shrunk in height as time went.

But aside from the picture this gives us of Lester Dent, it also enables us to more accurately gauge Dent's input into Doc Savage. Henry Ralston (alone or otherwise) devised the elementary Doc Savage concept. This, in its purest form, is nothing more than a variation of the earlier Street and Smith character, Nick Carter; that is to say, the idea of an all-around superman who had been trained by his father. Nick Carter was a detective whose father, "Old Sim Carter", had raised him to be a physical and mental marvel. Nick was as strong as an ox, a storehouse of specialized knowledge, a master of disguise and a moral giant. Ralston, doubtless, took this concept and updated it. He surely is responsible for Doc's bronze motif, flake-gold eyes and trilling sound, as well. This is borne out by the fact





that in the late '40's, when Dent remodeled Doc somewhat and the magazine became *DOC SAVAGE SCIENCE DETECTIVE*, he played down many of these things. Dent was often ambiguous when referring to the reasoning behind Doc's father using him as an experiment in creating a superman. He clearly felt no liking for the idea, because it was not his own.

Another idea that might be lain at Ralston's doorstep, is the whole lost Mayan city and store of gold concept. For some reason, Maya/Aztec mythology and culture are reflected in many of Street and Smith's PULPS. Just a month previous to the publication of "The Man Of Bronze", The Shadow discovered a lost city of Aztecs in his own magazine ("Six Men Of Evil, 15/Feb./1933) that compares with Doc's Mayan city. Ralston may have been in the back

of both ideas, possibly in response to some noteworthy archeological find at that time; as the '30's were the heyday for discovering ruins in Central America. If not Ralston, then John Nanovic might be responsible for this. And don't forget that The Avenger had Aztec gold as his financial base, too, and he was a conferance-created character. Dent, Walter Gibson, John Nanovic and who-knows-who-else were in on his creation.

So it seems that Lester Dent was handed Nick Carter dipped in bronze and took it from there. Though he failed to change Doc's name, he immediately added the plethora of gadgets and probably a good half-foot of height to the character. The eighty-sixth floor headquarters laboratory is derived from Lynn Lash's own set-up and is further reflected in the Foster Fad tales. So Dent is surely responsible for this. The Fortress of Solitude, whether in whole or in part, is Dent's. Lynn Lash originated the idea of the scientist-detective withdrawing to an alternate, hidden lab in order to conduct certain experiments. Dent must have kept up with the latest inventions and knew of the Geodesic Dome, which was invented during the '20's and used as the Fortress' model. (It's worth noting that there is a *real* Fortress of Solitude, though located at the South, rather than the North Pole. It's a real Geodesic Dome that's part of America's Antarctic research station. The only difference between the two is that the Antarctic dome has a honeycomb effect on its outer surface, while Doc's Fortress is smooth and glasslike).

Pat Savage, or at least her personality, was a Dent creation. But it was changed by subsequent authors. In her first appearances, Pat's only distinguishing characteristic was her bronze hair. Later authors gave her flake-gold eyes and bronze skin, until Dent had to follow along. Whether the idea of a group of aides for Doc Savage was Ralston's or not, the personalities of the five were Dent's work. The awkwardness of having five aides, all experts in their fields, but less skilled than Doc himself, is unlike Dent. All his other detectives either worked alone, or had assistants who were more in the bumbling sidekick mold. At any rate, Dent managed to reduce the "five greatest experts in their field" to his own idea of what second bananas should be.

--As Monk Cullin so dramatically proved, Monk Mayfair was totally Dent's idea. As time wore on, he made Monk be Doc's right hand man and he developed a sort of bond of affection between the two.

--Renny Renwick was Doc's right arm, at first. He seems to be a variation of the great Lester Dent archetype. His height and weight are very close to Dent's own and he is not lanky. His puritanical demeanor harkens back to Lee Nace, who may have

been Renny's model. For whatever reasons, Renny loses his status as Doc's second after a few novels.

--Ham Brooks is a character whom, I suspect, Dent had little affection for. Dent portrays him as very foppish and places him in embarrassing situations through his undoubtedly favorite character, Monk. In other stories, Dent depicts Ham-like characters in a bad light. He seems to have made almost no use of Ham's professional talents as a lawyer, unlike the others, and his only function appears to be as a butt for Monk's often cruel practical jokes. (In this connection, it should be briefly noted that Dent studied law for a short while, but quit for reasons unknown. This may have some bearing on Ham's portrayal.).

--Johnny Littlejohn is clearly derived from the archetype, as well. He fits the physical description perfectly. He's tall, bony and his hair is longish, being worn in what was known at the time as "scholastic style", as befits an ex-college professor. (Dent, himself, taught briefly at a business college.).

--Finally, Long Tom Roberts, the electrical genius, seems to be odd man out as far as tracing back to some prototype. Although he manages to be thin, he is not tall. He does share Dent's interest in tinkering with electricity, but other than that, he is undistinguished.

When Dent first began Doc Savage, the latter was an extremely violent man who was prone to take life as readily as The Shadow, despite the fact that he must have taken the Hippocratic Oath to preserve life in order to become a surgeon. Dent must have recognized this inaccuracy, and subsequently modified the character's personality. By 1934, he had invested Doc with enough reverence for life so that his rapid-firers now carried mercy bullets, and the Crime College was instituted to rehabilitate criminals. Dent also stripped Doc of his occasional outbursts of emotion and slang and molded him into the noble and stoic bronze man of the '30's.

The whole process didn't take long; by 1934 Lester Dent had tamed the PULP novel and made Doc Savage as much his own creation as the restrictions of the editorial blue-pencil would allow. But, although he never ceased to modify the bronze man to suit his own ideas, he never held full control of the character's directions through the years. Even towards the end of the series (and after he'd pared the character down; until he resembled the early '30's scientific detective, typified by Lynn Lash and Foster Fad; and after ridding the series of most, or all, of the concepts that were not his own) again editorial policy changed direction. Poor Dent was forced to revitalize the old Doc Savage for the last three issues of the magazine and to drop the Raymond Chandlerish prose.

Still, the great irony and misfortune of Lester Dent's work is that we remember only his work under the Kenneth Robeson byline. For there's a large and untapped body of stories written under his own name that, even now, are yellowing and becoming brittle, unsuspected, in the pages of the sundering PULPS of his day.

ADDENDUM:

Mrs. Lester Dent informs me that her husband wrote yet another series which ran in CRIMEBUSTERS. These concern a certain Ed Stone, about whom I know little, accepting that he had a Chinese valet named "One" and the fact that the stories were written under the Kenneth Robeson name. I know of only three titles in this series: "Ring Around A Rosy", "The Horse's Egg" and "The Poet's Bones".

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT:

(The author of this article wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. John Dinan, who furnished him with a good deal of the reference material, without which this could not have been written.).



elves in the shelves

RO:



©1974 Robert Weinberg

AMERICA'S SECRET SERVICE ACE by Nick Carr. 64 pages. Available from Robert Weinberg, 10533 S. Kenneth, Oak Lawn, Illinois 60453. Priced \$4.50. Cover by Frank Hamilton.

Undoubtedly the best thing about Bob Weinberg's Pulp Classics Series is the fact that it enables what few experts there are in the field to document and interpret some of the greatest PULP characters, the way they feel it should be done and with a minimum of editorial interference.

The first of these in-depth studies (GANGLAND'S DOOM by Frank Eisgruber) concerned THE SHADOW and now, Nick Carr has produced an extremely thorough (not the least bit of passing minutia is overlooked) analysis of Jimmy Christopher, otherwise OPERATOR 5. Mr. Carr, himself is eminently qualified to author this study; even beyond the requisite of having read the entire series. Having grown up with the series during the depression, his view of the basic character of Operator 5 is the purest possible. If that weren't enough, his military/psychiatric background and globe-girdling travels (Far East, Korea, Germany) lend an appropriate

overview in focusing the series in all its ramifications.

Indeed, the book reflects all these things. The character of Jimmy Christopher is delineated in a pseudo-military dossier, replete with psychological profile, and to good effect. From there, Mr. Carr moves on to the secondary characters and villains and OPERATOR 5's many conventions (alter-ego's and weapons) in more expository style. Logically, because Operator 5 would be the only character on whom a dossier might actually have been compiled.

Because of the relative shortness of the series (48 novels), a complete listing of the villains is provided, as well as adequate coverage of the best of them. Not surprisingly, many of them are classified in psychological terms. For instance, Ursus Young is deduced to be paranoid, while Emperor Rudolph is an undeniable psychopath.

Despite the weight of his credentials, the author doesn't rely solely upon himself, but has sought out other experts in order to determine the feasibility of portions of the series, such as Operator 5's belt sword.

The highlight of the series, of course, was the year-long Purple Invasion of America. Rightly termed, "The War And Peace of PULP fiction", this phenomenon is outlined in a chapter of its own, as through the level eye of an expe-

anced military tactician. From the initial fall of New England to the death of Emperor Rudolph, Mr. Carr chronicles all the major and minor battles, inserting battle plans, orders, objectives from both sides; and thus, gives an accurate account of a war that never was.

It's too bad that the aborted Yellow Vulture invasion was not touched upon, as well. Likewise, I felt that the section on authors should have broken the novels down to their respective originators. Still and all, these are minor flaws and I recommend this excellent study to anyone interested in the character PULPS, and especially those familiar only with such characters as Doc Savage and The Avenger. For Operator 5's story is quite different, indeed. The cover of "America's Secret Service Ace" is an excellent montage by Franklin Hamilton and, all in all, this book augers well for Mr. Carr's forthcoming study of G-8.

GOLDEN FLEECE edited by The Odyssey Publishers. 128 pp. Paper. Available from ODYSSEY PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 1, West Newton, MA 02165. Priced \$4.50. Cover by Harold S. Delay.

GOLDEN FLEECE is the third of ODYSSEY PUBLICATION'S PULP reprint series, but is the first of these presented as a collection rather than a single-issue reproduction. The problem of anthologizing a PULP of GOLDEN FLEECE's caliber is, despite it's short run (Oct./1938 to June/1939) there is so much contained within its pages that begs to be reprinted that a "best of" type of collection is impossible. Virtually all of the GOLDEN FLEECE set deserves resurrection. So, any anthology of the magazine would, preforce, be a "best of the best of" affair. Which is precisely what this GOLDEN FLEECE is.

During its brief run, FLEECE ran historical adventure stories, written by only the best of the era's PULP writers. Like THRILL BOOK, UNKNOWN and ORIENTAL STORIES, GOLDEN FLEECE is a PULP that has become legendary for its pure quality of content, despite its ephemeral existence. Names like Talbot Mundy, H. Bedford-Jones, Seabury Quinn and Robert E. Howard are numbered among its most illustrious contributors. The tales were set in

many lands and at many times; filled with high adventure and just a dash of fantasy.

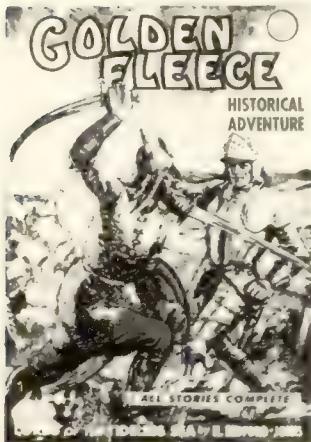
The stories contained in this representative sampling reflect such a variety of locale:

The lead novel, "Lords Of The Tideless Sea" is by the very prolific pulpster H. Bedford-Jones is set in Naples and on the high seas in 1516 A.D. In PULP jargon, it's what would have been called "a rousing story" and concerns an attempt by a Moorish pirate to kidnap Pope Leo X and to trade him for the city of Rome.

In "Gates Of Empire", Robert E. Howard gives us yet another of his roguish heroes, Giles Hobson. Hobson, a bawdy rascal if ever there was one, sets off for the Crusades in order to atone for some of his more imaginative misdeeds and encounters carnage galore.

Seabury Quinn, an old WEIRD TALES standby, is present with a tale of El Tigre, a Moor against the Spanish invaders, called "The Fire-Master".

The interior art by Harold S. Delay, Maurice Archbold and H.W. McCauley is all of high quality, as befits such a magazine. The Delay cover is reproduced in full color. Although registration is not perfect, I'm told that quality will be up to standards for the next ODYSSEY PUBLICATIONS reprint, ORIENTAL STORIES. Be advised that half of this limited edition of GOLDEN FLEECE is already sold out, as befits a book of this merit.



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a *thunder jim wade* checklist

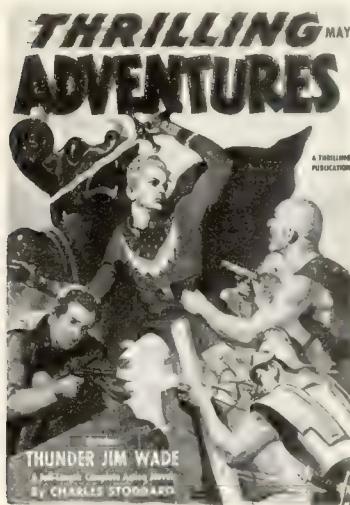
In 1941, Thrilling Publications introduced one of the last of the many Doc Savage imitations in their long-running adventure magazine, **THRILLING ADVENTURES**. In a series of but five short novels, written by Charles Stoddard, Thunder Jim Wade and his Monk and Ham-like aides roamed the world in what had to have been the weirdest of all vehicles ever to plow through a pulp story, crushing evil and discovering lost cities galore.

Thunder Jim was raised by the natives of a lost Cretan city in Africa after his explorer father had died, and there he was trained in hypnosis, magic, jungle fighting and whatever else might come in handy when roaming the world to fight evil. His sojourn in this lost Minos lasted until he was old enough to take up his career and leave with the secret of a wonder metal which would become the base of his great invention, The Thunderbug. The Thunderbug was a stubby, short-winged plane of advanced design that could convert into a submarine or land tank in the twinkling of an eye.

Wade himself, was a bronzed man who "looked like a rugged, young college student" whose black eyes, when they took on a glacial gleam, were death to any evil-doer. In this aspect, Wade resembled The Avenger somewhat. Usually, in the course of each story, Wade would initially confront the villain and promise that the latter would die for his deeds. Thunder Jim Wade always kept that promise, always. Wade packed a Colt and sometimes a flame-pistol of his own design.

In the first story, "Thunder Jim Wade", he returned to Minos to protect the source of the wonder metal (DOC SAVAGE readers can here draw their own parallels) and went on the uncover successive lost cities in Asia Minor, Central America and Burma. The most unusual of these had to be the lost valley in Alaska where a colony of Norse freebooters warred with a similar outpost of Russians (descended from refugees from the days of Catherine the Great!) over a Chinese idol. He was assisted by a quarreling pair of aides. Burly giant "Red" Argyle and cat-like blade artist "Dirk" Marat were typical pulp seconds to the hero. Wade didn't seem to have had much use for the pair, as he often set them to minding the precious Thunderbug while he sallied forth into this month's lost city.

The Thunder Jim stories are an interesting curiosity and well worth seeking out copies of **THRILLING ADVENTURES** to peruse.



THRILLING ADVENTURES

May, 1941.....	Thunder Jim Wade
June, 1941.....	The Hills of Gold
July, 1941.....	The Poison People
August, 1941.....	The Devil's Glacier
September, 1941.....	Waters of Death

Graves Gladney Speaks



©1941 Street & Smith

"The Golden Master"; "Voice of Death"; "The Prince of Evil"; and the classic "Blur." One of these covers ("Scent of Death") hung in the Street and Smith editorial office for several years as an example to other painters and was emulated on at least two occasions by George Rozen, Gladney's successor ("Book of Death" and "Death About Town").

Aside from his painting chores, Mr. Gladney made a singular contribution to The SHADOW series when, in 1940, he prevented the incorporation into the series of a pet dog for The Shadow. The dog, a Great Dane named Vulcan, appeared in the novel, "Crime at Seven Oaks" and apparently caught the fancy of many readers, prompting editor John Nanovic to consider using him as an occasional regular character. At that point Gladney balked because he had had to trek to a local gas station in order to find a vicious-enough looking Great Dane to use as a model and, as he remarked to me, "I had clobbered the idea of a regular dog because it would have been too hard to paint the same dog, and if I switched from a Great Dane to an Airedale, the readers might notice."

Thus, The Shadow was spared the humiliation of tracking criminals from behind the nose of an oversized canine, to the everlasting gratitude of Shadow enthusiasts everywhere---a close call to rival the inclusion of those insufferable kids from "The Gold Ogre" into DOC SAVAGE back in 1939. (It should be mentioned in passing that, though Vulcan never returned, the idea must have hung in Nanovic's mind nonetheless and doubtless resulted in the return of the Dalmatian, Mox two issues later. ("Crime County", Sept. 1, 1940) This dog had previously appeared in "Mox", Dec. 15, 1933 and only brought back after Vulcan's appearance.)

What follows now is a very revealing and highly opinionated statement of what it was like to work for the PULPS by someone who, though we may not agree with all that he says, honors us, at least, by being refreshingly outspoken and entertaining in his replies.

Herewith: Graves Gladney---

Mr. Gladney: Before I begin detailed answers to your questions, let me make a few observations: a) I always took all painting seriously and, with few exceptions,

Graves Gladney (for those of you who don't know) was painter for THE SHADOW from 1939 to 1941 and, in addition, has painted covers for THE AVENGER and a whole spectrum of other PULPS from HORROR STORIES to RANGELAND ROMANCES.

Although he privately considers the PULPS as "junk", ("If painting pulp covers was a crime ((and mine may well have been)) the statute of limitations has long since run out and I'm home free since my last pulp cover was committed in 1941.") he has graciously consented to answer a series of written questions submitted to him by DUENDE, as well as providing us with a bit of background information and observations.

Taking up after Jerome Rozen's long stint, and preceding his brother George Rozen on THE SHADOW, Graves Gladney executed a long series of striking and unusual covers such as "Death Ship";

"The Golden Master"; "Voice of Death"; "The Prince of Evil"; and the classic "Blur." One of these covers ("Scent of Death") hung in the Street and Smith editorial office for several years as an example to other painters and was emulated on at least two occasions by George Rozen, Gladney's successor ("Book of Death" and "Death About Town").

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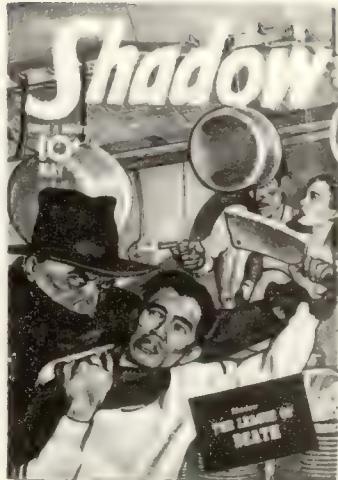
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Mr. Gladney: Before I begin detailed answers to your questions, let me make a few observations: a) I always took all painting seriously and, with few exceptions,

painted every picture I ever did as well as I possibly could. Subject matter meant very little to me. I regarded myself as a professional artist painting on demand, though I was often openly contemptuous of those demanding (Steeger, Sniffen, et. al.) Also, having been openly subjugated to a rigorous education by Amherst College, L'ecole des Beaux Arts, Slade School, U. of London, I found the crass ignorance of my employers often frustrating. b) But I was broke with wife & 2 children newly arrived from Europe and I had to make a living as best I could. My peers, Tom Lovell, Emery Clarke, John Falter among others, helped enormously. I had my studio in New Rochelle, NY in those days (who didn't) and worked an average 65-70 hour week. I loved painting and until about 1965, thought of little else. I quit because I could no longer abide associating with the creeps who call themselves artists. (An old tire, a cracked toilet, weatherbeaten boards are assembled into a 'happening') There are but two classes of painting; good and BAD. I have unlimited respect for the degrees of the former but only loathing for the obvious latter. Ainsi soit-il.



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DUENDE: First of all, I get the impression from the WHIZZARD interview that you're somewhat retired from art. Would you care to tell us what an ex-artist does with himself after he's laid down his brush?

Mr. Gladney: I have indeed retired from art, but not from painting. To me art is an obscene word, conjuring up visions of Picasso, Warhol, Howard Jones and other creeps. Painting is a respectable craft at least 500 years old.

A very old joke illustrates my attitude about this; Two boyhood chums, separated for thirty years, met one day in a restaurant.

First man: Well, well, if it isn't my ole pal Ed. Say, Ed, whattaya been doin' all these years?"

Second man: (looking around furtively) "I'm an ARTIST but don't tell my wife--she thinks I play piano in a bordello".

As to what I do when I don't paint--plenty. I have been a shooter nearly all my life, rifle, pistol, and shotgun; competition and hunting. For several years I shot much competitive trap, state, regional and national competition. And I mean big game. Unlike a real artist ARTIST I live in no garret and seldom go hungry. I have various business interests and support the Federal Government. I am never bored. Were I unmarried, I would follow the shooting circuit as pro golfers follow the tour. But I am married.

DUENDE: Beside THE SHADOW and THE AVENGER, what other pulp covers that you've done come best to mind?

Mr. Gladney: I worked variously for Thrilling Publications (Ned Pines, prop.); Popular Publications (Harry Steeger, ptui!!); and Fiction House (small but decent). The actual titles were variously, STRANGE STORIES, ADVENTURE, DIME MYSTERY, CRIME BUSTERS, HORROR STORIES and others. I did a hell of a lot of them--too many. Rudy Belarski did more pulp covers than anyone I ever knew, god knows how many. Walter Baumhofer did a lot, as did Bob Harris, but not that many.

My two favorites of those I did were the first Shiwan Khan cover and the portrait of Hawkeye, both SHADOW covers. (Sept. 15, 1939, "The Golden Master" and Aug. 15, 1939, "Wizard of Crime", respectively--Will.) The one Street and Smith I liked best was "Scent of Death", an old woman with a death head holding yellow flowers in

her withered hand. I have this original, along with many others. The Shiwan Khan I gave to a fellow teacher in Washington U., St. Louis, deceased, and his widow refuses to part with it.

DUENDE: During your tenure on THE SHADOW and your association with John Nanovic, its editor, did you gain the impression that he left the creative control of the character largely with Walter Gibson--or the reverse? If the latter, do you recall any specific instances where Nanovic ordered either certain changes or developments in THE SHADOW?

Mr. Gladney: Re: Nanovic. OPINION. Nanovic couldn't pound sand down a rat hole left to his own devices. He was an assiduous office boy--a gofer. Aside from reading his ms regularly, I knew nothing of Gibson. I preferred the gory tales of Ted Tinsley, personally. Though I opine that both were short of Nobel Prize consideration.

Nanovic did me one (unwanted) favor, however. He OK'd with enthusiasm, the WORST pulp cover I ever perpetrated. Sniffen, the then art director, had a wild hair in his ass and came up with the dictate that we should all paint in the manner of Van Gogh (sic) with heavy lines around the figures for art and emphasis. Even outlined the composition. Thus inhibited, I produced a veritable stinker that had us both in tears. (May 1, 1941, "League of Death") I eagerly requested permission to do it over. Granted. Enter Nanovic who, seeing the awful opus, clutched it to his funny paper bosom, cried "Now this is more like it! Why can't you do them all like this?" So it went through and I got paid, though the money was hot and tainted. Nanovic wouldn't recognize good painting if, in heavy frame, it fell on him.

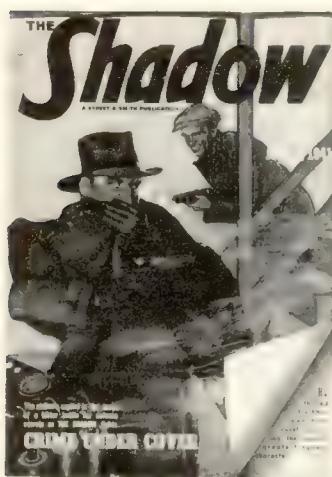
DUENDE: Relative to this: We're familiar with your quashing the idea of giving The Shadow a dog in 1940; were there any other instances of your input affecting the series?

Mr. Gladney: By and large, I did as I was told. It was easier that way and I needed the money. I always wanted to change (gradually, of course) the appearance of The Shadow, but usually they caught the alterations and made me do a Rozenshadow, which I didn't particularly like. By 1941, I had frequently eliminated the ridiculous red ruff around his face and, I think, made him look more like a person than a cartoon. The editors insisted on a "hawk-like" visage, whatever the hell that is.

One time, (June 1, 1941, "Crime Under Cover") the script called for The Shadow and a mysterious gas-detecting machine, complete with colored lights and levers. They wrote it, I had to invent it. I did, and a Rube Goldberg it was.

The resultant cover showed The Shadow holding his nose mid a swirl of gas, all systems go, while an individual behind him opened up with a shotgun. The editors were fascinated by my home-made machine. "What is it? How does it work?" they asked. Emery Clarke, who did DOC SAVAGE, heard the question. Looking over their shoulders, he said, "That's easy; it's a shit detector." Shocked silence broken by my laughter.

DUENDE: A number of your SHADOW covers echo some of the earlier covers done by Jerome Rozen. Most notably, "Death's Premium"; "Voice of Death"; and "The Masked Lady". Were you emulating Rozen or following the dictates of an art director to compose your covers using certain elements (i.e. The Shadow's hands, his shadow, or the effect wherein The Shadow's skull is visable



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within his silhouette)?



©1940 Street & Smith

Mr. Gladney: Any time any of Rozen's symbols appeared in my work, you can gamble it was the company's idea, never mine. When you pay the piper, you can call the tune. Though they fired Rozen summarily, they evidently retained fond memories of him.

DUENDE: Back to the "dog story". A few issues after the Great Dane novel, (Aug. 1, 1940, "Crime at Seven Oaks") there appeared a story wherein a Dalmatian was used. (Sept. 1, 1940, Crime County") Were you approached upon the idea of a Dalmatian being used regularly?

Mr. Gladney: No Dalmatian, so far as I remember, was ever suggested. Whenever I got letters, or THE SOUND AND THE FURY got them about my work, I was asked to answer same and I usually did. These usually suggested that I get the hell off the cover and do something else. My public was unusually incensed by the covers I did for ASTOUNDING STORIES (particularly the issue containing

the spaceship). There again I was operating under direct orders.

DUENDE: We know that you painted each cover based upon the story within; but were there any cases where you submitted a cover around which a story was written to fit it--or where the editor might have requested a certain type of rendition having nothing to do with a story? Could you cite any examples?

Mr. Gladney: I could cite many examples of both. Usually, these contretemps occurred during Flynn's tenure as art director. Whatever his faults, Flynn was a man of his word. He said, do as I say and I'll take care of the rest. So, a few times, he absolutely dictated the contents of a SHADOW cover and when Nanovic and Ralston (big wheel) (Vice-president of Street and Smith---Will) didn't like it, he ran it on another magazine (S&S had an attic full of magazines) and had me do another SHADOW. The rejects usually appeared on CRIME BUSTERS with all traces of The Shadow obliterated. Sniffen as a director was just the opposite. He would take a firm stand on nothing and would change his mind about a finished cover (after an OK) if the elevator operator thought the gal's boobs too small/large.

Steeger, Popular Publications, was the worst sonofa bitch I ever worked for. He probably remembers me fondly, too.

(In WHIZZARD #4, Mr. Gladney related that, on a number of occasions, Steeger enticed him into doing interiors for G-8 AND HIS BATTLE ACES whenever the regular artist was "drunk or disorderly". On each occasion, he was offered considerably above the going rate and fought against a tight deadline, only to be paid half of what was promised. Regarding this, he says; "I cannot convey enough against the unscrupulous practices of some of the pulp editors."---Will)

DUENDE: Beginning around 1941, the style of all Street and Smith covers began to alter; colors became muted, less dramatically and flamboyantly rendered and there seemed to be fewer details. Was this the result of some change in policy? Possibly an effort to distinguish the pulps from the comic books which had begun to appear at that time?

Mr. Gladney: The real change in the pulps began after Pearl Harbor. Street and Smith in particular was falling on hard times. They all held on for a while, even into the 50's, but the handwriting was on the wall. The regular painters went into the army or into something else, the subsequent work was usually done by inferior

talent--funny paper stuff.

DUENDE: Also in 1941, you began to portray THE Shadow as garbed in an overcoat and, as your stint as cover artist drew to a close, you progressively shortened his cloak and removed the red lining from it. Again, was this policy dictate, or your own idea? In any case, could you explain the reasoning behind this?

Mr. Gladney: I did paint The Shadow in an overcoat occasionally because, in those instances, I worked from a model directly, instead of photographs (which I invariably took for myself. I am a very good photographer--had to learn). It was easier for the model to wear an overcoat instead of that crazy Phantom of the Opera suit invented by Rozen or James (then director). One particular cover showed The Shadow walking through a burning field in a burning overcoat. Why should honour outlive modesty? Let it go all. Quotation from a good writer.

(Re: The Shadow's cloak. Several things should be noted in passing. While the red ruff and lining were delineated by most SHADOW cover artists, Mr. Gladney being the only one to deliberately alter this, they were usually excluded by every interior artist from Tom Lovell down to Paul Orban. Though the text occasionally refers to the cloak's scarlet lining, the red ruff at the collar and sleeves seem to be the work of either Rozen or an art director, just as Mr. Gladney theorizes. This was probably done to add some color to the covers and, indeed, the scarlet lining may have been foisted upon Walter Gibson, as well. It is also worth noting that in both text and interior illustrations (Edd Cartier's, especially) two different types of cloak were in use. The original cape-like garment that closed at the throat, and another type, which was like the former, except that it possessed sleeves as well. It might also be mentioned that THE SHADOW debuted in 1931, the same year that the movie "Dracula" was released, in which Bela Lugosi wore a long black cloak with scarlet lining and this might have some bearing on the matter.

It should be noted also that the image of the sinister character in slouch hat and black cloak (usually with bowling ball bomb under one arm) can be traced back to the editorial cartoons of the last century, depicting the period's anarchists and this same symbol stands for the quintessential spy.--Will).

DUENDE: Were the black and white interiors in THE SHADOW done independantly of the covers; or was one done with the other in mind?

Mr. Gladney: Tom Lovell, who did most of the black and whites before and after my covers for same, always read the ms, I think.

(Actually, Mr. Gladney's memory is at fault on this point. Lovell ceased to do SHADOW interiors in 1936, though he did later paint the Calvert ads which graced Street and Smith back covers after the war. Relative to the above question, it should be noted that the depiction of The Shadow in overcoat with short cape was reflected in Earl Mayan's interiors during Mr. Gladney's tenure and, in fact, anticipated him by a few months. This would seem to indicate some co-ordination between cover and interiors with the goal of modifying The Shadow's image in mind, though not necessarily. At any rate, when Mr. Gladney and Earl Mayan left THE SHADOW, their successors, George Rozen and Paul Orban re-instituted the full-cloaked, scarlet-ruffed figure.--Will).

DUENDE: The fact that you've been quoted as saying that Thomas Lovell was "the last really talented man to do any black and whites" is interesting because both Edd Cartier



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1/DUENDE/27

and Earl Mayan (whose interiors accompanied your covers) are today the best remembered and most celebrated interior artists in THE SHADOW. What is your opinion of their work?

Mr. Gladney: As I said, Tom is very, very able and went from the PULPS to illustrating for COSMOPOLITAN, REDBOOK, AMERICAN MAGAZINE, LADIES HOME JOURNAL et. al. Cartier & Mayan were able enough, but only for PULPS. I have no doubt they are best remembered, since Tom rarely signed his stuff and didn't particularly like S & S anyway. Tom wrote it off sans models. He began on a piece of illustration board and finished it all in one go, out of his head. Believe me, Tom was really good. His painting improved tenfold when he began illustrating. He did the original illustrations for "Saratoga Trunk" published in COSMOPOLITAN (I think). These were so good that the movie subsequently made from it, borrowed details from Tom's painting.

DUENDE: About a year ago, an article appeared in a fanzine (The Doc Savage Reader). It was written by a student of a contemporary of yours, Raphael DeSoto. In the article, the author relates that he was shown the original oil to the SHADOW cover, "The Golden Master". He states that the signature "DeSoto" is visible on the painting's right side, while some Chinese characters (supposedly a translation of DeSoto) is on the left. Yet, on the printed cover, there is no DeSoto signature and "Graves Gladney" is clearly visible over the Chinese. Can you shed any light upon this contradiction? Also; do you know what the chinese on this cover, as well as the different inscription on a later issue ("The Invincible Shiwan Khan", March 1, 1940), mean?

Mr. Gladney: This guy, whoever he is, full of shit. As I said, I have or had the cover of "The Golden Master" (I gave it away to a St. Louis painter now dead) and there never was a signature of DeSoto or anyone else but mine. I never heard of DeSoto. The Chinese characters on the painting say, "Shiwan Khan", the name of the villain depicted, written for me by the Chinese model (an actor in the cast of "Anything Goes") who posed for the painting. The Chinese writings on the second cover say, "You can't catch me!". This is the first of your questions to annoy me. Where such DeSoto bullshit originated, I have no idea. I can assure you that no one ever touched that cover but me and the engraver.

(The article in question appeared in The Doc Savage Reader #4 and was written by someone called Albert Manachino, who apparently was a student of DeSoto's at Farmingdale College at Long Island, New York. The article is spurious in many respects, at one point referring to someone named "Hoppe" as the original DOC SAVAGE cover artist. The latter was, of course, Walter Baumhofer. Whether this Manachino was perpetrating a hoax, or was in turn hoaxed by DeSoto is difficult to determine. The next question sheds a little light on this. Privately, Mr. Gladney exhorts me to, "Please tell that jerk, if you know him, that I spit on him!". As I don't know him, this quote will have to serve, if he's reading this.--Will).



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DUENDE: In the same article, it's stated that DeSoto did covers for DOC SAVAGE and THE SHADOW. Would you know if, indeed, this is true and about when he might have done this?

Mr. Gladney: If a DeSoto ever did covers for either THE SHADOW or DOC SAVAGE it was after 1942. Only Rozen and I did SHADOW covers, ever, up to this time. Baumhofer, Clarke and Harris (Harris before Clarke) only did DOC SAVAGE up to 1942. Anything else you hear is mistaken

or a deliberate lie. Whoever wrote that article is really ignorant. (Raphael DeSoto is best remembered, perhaps, for the SPIDER covers he did from 1939 on. He was interviewed for the only issue of the revived BLACK MASK PULP last year and it's stated therein that "soon" after he began doing covers in 1934, he was doing both DOC SAVAGE and THE SHADOW. Mr. Gladney is, of course, correct when he states that DeSoto could not have done either before 1942. If, in fact, he ever did either, it would have been after 1945 at a time when to have done those covers is to have done them in name only, that's how awful they were. In any case, as DeSoto never signed his work, this is difficult to prove or disprove. In any event, the whole affair is unfortunate.--Will).

DUENDE: Was it the policy of Street and Smith to return your original oils to you? If so, did you retain them?

Mr. Gladney: Legally, I owned all my paintings; S & S owned exclusive reproduction rights, but getting my work back was another matter. I have about 20, all gotten by bribing the stock room boy one Saturday in 1941 to help me carry out my own work. I was drafted in Dec./1941 and since have seen my work reproduced on unknown magazines, reversed, altered, mutilated. There is no conscience among cheap publishers. Frankly it's all past and forgotten, but I still respect the truth. My wife has a large display in our home. It is of SHADOW covers only. There are about a dozen, chosen by her. Her dilettante friends say how quaint; not worth quotes.

In this vein, I may say that a curator of some English Museum, interested in "Americam Folk Art" (imagine!!) came to Ameddica with a list of names, mine included. Wending his way West, he came at last to this outpost, St. Louis. He knew a local soi-distant ARTIST who did some highly publicized sculptures (in tin yet) called "The Falling Man". This ARTIST said yes, he knew me by sight but not socially. However, he did know my sister and called to ask her to ask if she would ask to receive them and show my pictures. She did so and I agreed to see them, with the understanding that I neither seek their favors nor fear their scorn (paraphrase of McBeth). When they came, I repeated that I was glad to show any and all pictures but never a word did I want out of them. I served them coffee, brandy and SHADOW covers in silence. They thanked me and left. Later, my English guest sent me a copy of "The Life Of Henry Tonks". A book eagerly sought by me and difficult to come by. It's nice to be quaint, like Gramma Moses, I suppose.

DUENDE: In closing, why did you cease to paint the SHADOW covers, a rather lucrative assignment?

Mr. Gladney: In 1941, I made about 8500 bucks. Sure THE SHADOW paid well for the times, but I arrived at the point where I could no longer tolerate Sniffen, the la-de-da art director. So, with full confidence in my powers, I quit. Shortly thereafter I was drafted. I saw the war from 82nd Div. Airborne gliders. Returned from war, I knew for sure, no more damn PULP covers. I painted a variety of subjects; portraits, landscapes, figures and taught (ugh!) in Wash. U., STL, for 10 years. I have always been able to make money, and I found better ways than working for illiterate boobs. I have been trying to write a novel off and on for 5 years, but I hate fiction and the truth is so dull.

I hope this answers your questions to your satisfaction. There is little romance in painting PULP covers...it was primarily very demanding work for those involved in it. Money was the prime objective, but also the development of ones' skill as a painter. I firmly believe that those who painted covers in my time were far and away more skillful than most of the so-called fine artists. This of course is a two way sword; I painted about 10 times as many pictures as Ver Meer is known to have painted, but WHAT a difference!



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Afterthoughts by Mr. Gladney: One overcoated SHADOW, May 15, 1941 ("Master Of Flame"), the first of such depictions--Will.) was a result of no ideas no how. I just used a lot of my target pistols and revolvers to scare The Shadow. November 15, 1939 ("City Of Ghosts") maybe has another overcoat, it's too far burned up to tell. In my opinion, the very best SHADOW I ever did appeared on the cover August 1, 1941 ("The Crimson Death"). No red ruff, no hawklike, no goddamn Rozen, very good 1897 Winchester and a real articulated skeleton. The first painting had a huge scrupulous rat on the skull, tail hanging down. Made me paint it out. This was good painting by any standards. (On the printed version of this cover, what remains of the rat is clearly visable. Mr. Gladney cleverly repainted it to resemble a tattered bit of scalp, with strands of hair sprouting out.--Will). January 1, 1941 ("Forgotten Gold") quite pleased Nanovic. It's not bad, even so. July 1, 1941 ("The Star Of Delhi") aroused cries of pity from the readers. Shows a big muscle man strangling The Shadow. Readers liked their Shadow strong and black, not succumbing.

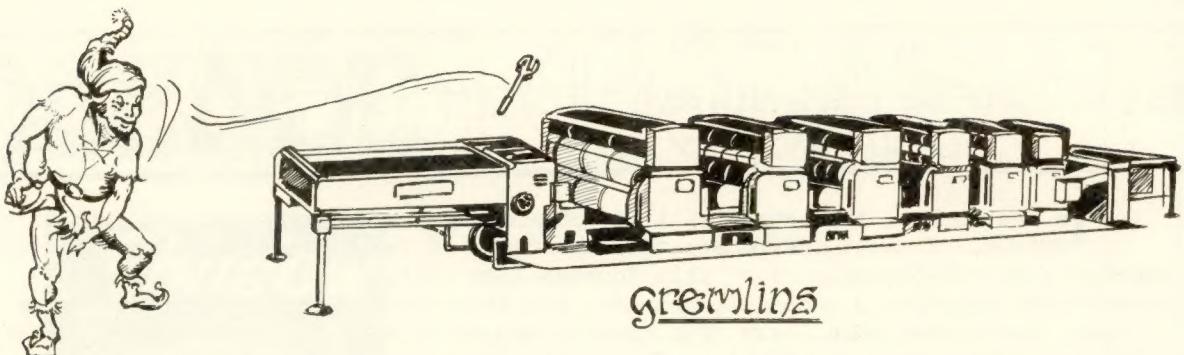
August 15, 1940 ("The Fifth Face") contains portrait of Al Parker, famous illustrator of that time. On April 15, 1938 cover done for Steeger (probably HORROR STORIES --Will) is complicated torture machinery. Another Rube Goldberg invented by yours truly. Popular was great on Sex and Sadism. The very worst painting I ever did appeared on THE SHADOW May 1, 1941 ("League Of Death"). As I said, Nanovic loved it. Many, many self portraits on covers. (Mr. Gladney is reputed to have utilized his own face for a model for The Shadow's visage.--Will). Best, I think, on ADVENTURE February, 1939. Another, August, 1939 UNKNOWN. The evil that men do lives after them etc. Effort at trompe l'oeil painting October 1, 1939. ASTOUNDING March, 1939 contains portrait of 2nd daughter, then 5, now a matron with 5 children. Son, Associate Professor of Russian at University of Illinois, has several originals, including that one. When said son was about three, his mother left him in studio while she went shopping. He was playing gaily when he tripped and fell against a wet SHADOW, ready for delivery, greatly smearing and altering same. I had to get at extention of time and repaint it.

Re: Mr. Gladney's comments pertaining to John Nanovic, the man who edited both DOC SAVAGE and THE SHADOW for ten years. In the light of opinions, I feel it essential, in the interest of fairness, to present the following quote from Frank Gruber's "The Pulp Jungle".--Will):

"John Nanovic was twenty-eight or nine, although already bald. He was only two or three years out of Notre Dame, not having entered college until the age of twenty two or three. He was an earnest, sincere man, deeply religious (Roman Catholic) and the only editor I can recall who really liked the work he was doing. He liked the kind of stories he was using in THE SHADOW, DOC SAVAGE CRIMEBUSTERS, etc. Once he began using an author regularly, that author could do no wrong. He reported on all submissions in twenty-four hours and you got paid on Friday."

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT:

We wish to thank Marty Klug, who printed a two part interview with Graves Gladney in his own fanzine WHIZZARD, for his assistance in making this interview possible and for allowing us to excerpt portions of same for inclusion herein. Those interested in reading his very long interview with Mr. Gladney should send \$1.50 for issues #4 and #5 to Marty Klug, 125 Florwood Ct., St. Louis, MO 63135



Gremlins, according to "Funk & Wagnall's Standard Dictionary Of Folklore, Mythology And Legend" (Yes, there really is such a thing; and it weighs a TON!) are "airborne supernatural beings whose function it is to cause pilots and air crew trouble and inconvenience". They seemed to have originated during WWI and were at their most mischievous in the Second World War. Since then, we seldom here of them in this connection, the strange shortage of World Wars lately seems to have caused them to move into the less glamourous field of publishing. Now, instead of pulling levers to raise or lower runways on incoming pilots, they occupy themselves with reversing type, misspelling whole sentences and even omitting key paragraphs in books newspapers and magazines all over the world.

And so, in keeping with DUENDE'S *esprit de elf* we present the first of a series of columns on the oddities, quirks and coincidences that the little devils may or may not be responsible for in regards to PULPS.

*** **I**t's generally known that, in reprinting the DOC SAVAGE novels, Bantam often deletes the plugs inserted by the PULP editors into the closing paragraphs of many novels. In the reprint of "The Sargasso Ogre", they did more than lop off a few superfluous paragraphs. No less than all of page 90 was deleted; including 5 paragraphs which constitute the actual ending of the novel. That which follows are the portions that take up after the sentence, "They fell to examining the craft.":

"Motor's silenced, too!" Monk indicated. "That explains why Miss La Forge didn't hear them. She told me that Bruze always took his departure on nights when there was a wind and plenty of noise."

At mention of the pretty redhead, Ham became positively purple. He knew women. Any assertions which he might make about not having a wife and thirteen children would not be believed. If Monk intended to woo the redhead--the signs said he did--he had thoroughly eliminated any of Ham's competition.

"We're all set for the flight to shore," Johnny sighed. "We can make several trips for the 'Cameronic' passengers and the treasure. I guess we can find the shore, eh, Doc?"

"Without any trouble," Doc agreed. "With five planes, our escape is assured. We'll take our prisoners--the birds who are asleep."

Johnny sighed again. "Home is sure gonna look good to me!"

(What follows this is seven paragraphs of blurb, not worth repeating in this space.)

*** The PULP cover of the Doc Savage novel "Dagger In The Sky" was repainted by some hack and stuck on a Dell TARZAN comic during the fifties.

*** The Doc Savage novel, "Mountain Monster", a radio operator is described as "lounging back in a chair, reading a copy of THE SHADOW."

*** In the Bantam reprint of "The Mental Wizard", the final chapter is given as "The Golden Knot"; it should read, "The Gordian Knot" (damn fools).

RAGGED EDGES

In the future, this space will be occupied by your letters and comments on DUENDE. I can't underscore the importance of feedback and exchange of ideas in regard to the continuance of this journal. In fact, I will try to answer any letter that requires a response, provided a self-addressed stamped envelope is enclosed. Now rather than leave this nice clean page blank, I've inserted a quartet of choice PULP cover reproductions for your enjoyment.



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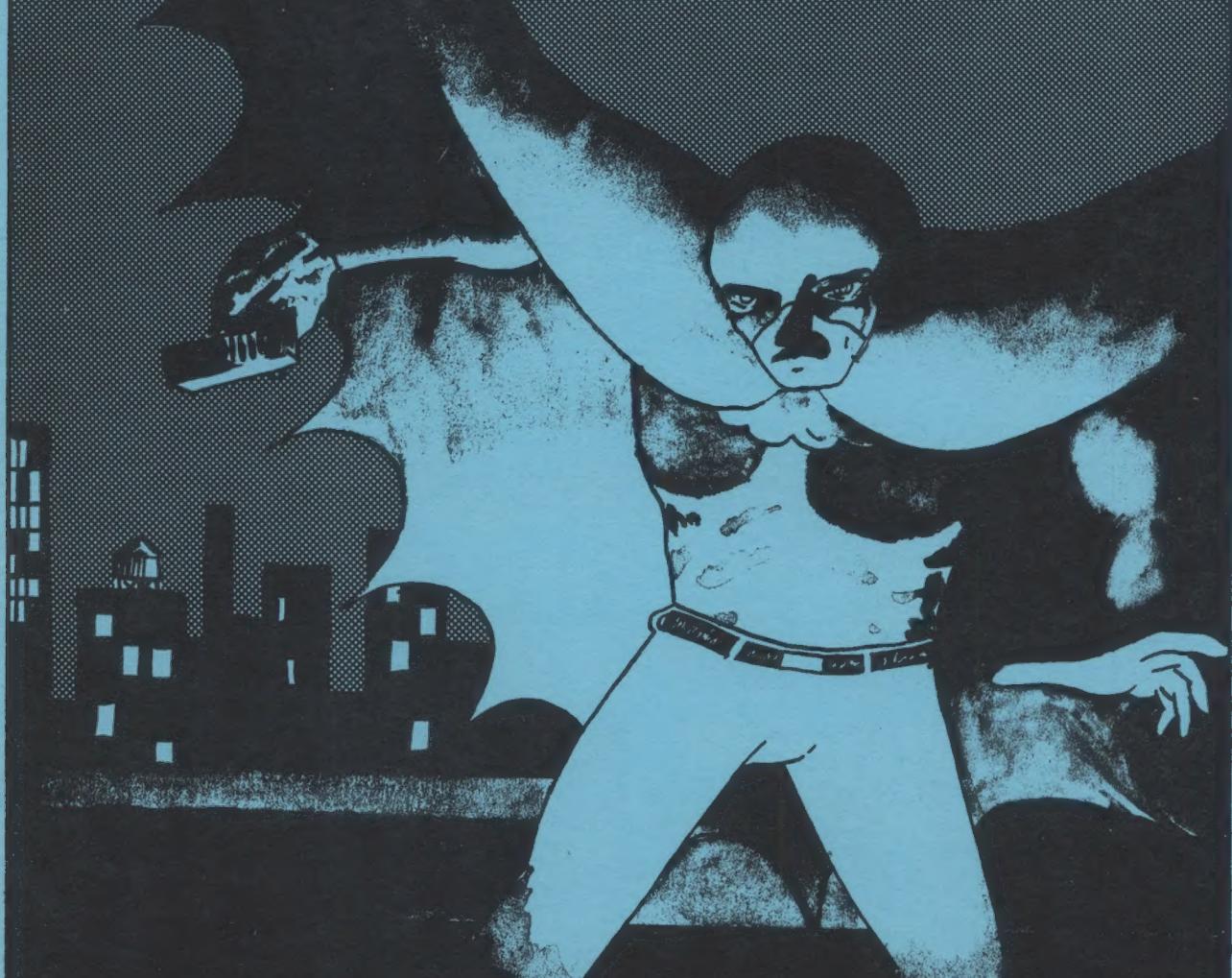


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The Black Bat



AGENTS of the SHADOW



FELLOWS

THE SHADOW WAS AN ENIGMA.. THE SHADOW WAS MORE THAN ONE PERSON.. A BRILLIANT TRAINED MIND AND CAPABLE OF NEARLY ANY TASK IMAGINABLE.. A FORCE AGAINST GREED AND POWER LUST.. BEHIND YET WITHIN THE SHADOW LAY THE TALENTS OF MANY, RECRUITED FROM THE RANKS OF HUMAN BEINGS UNABLE TO FIND LIFE CHALLENGING ENOUGH TO BE JUSTIFIED AND YET SATISFIED BY BEING THRUST INTO DANGER ENOUGH TO STOP THE HEART.. THESE WERE THE AGENTS OF THE SHADOW..

FELLOWS ACTED IN THE CAPACITY OF INFORMATION GATHERER ASSEMBLING FACTS THAT BECAME THE SHADOW'S PLAN OF ACTION.. HE WAS THE ONLY AGENT TO DIE FOR THE CAUSE..

SHREVNITZ WAS THE DRIVER FOR THE DURATION OF THE SHADOW'S REIGN PROVIDING THE VALUABLE SERVICE OF TRANSPORTATION.. HE WAS LIKE ALL AGENTS, EYES AND EARS TO THE SHADOW'S NETWORK..

MARSLAND WAS THE SHADOW'S UNDERGROUND A KNOWN GANGSTER, AN UNKNOWN MEMBER OF THIS UNIQUE CREW.. HE WAS SAID TO BE A KILLER - ONLY HE AND THE SHADOW KNEW THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS PAST..

HAWKEYE, ANOTHER GANGLAND FIGURE, WAS THE SHADOW'S SHADOW- AN EXPERT SPY AND TRACKER OF HUMAN ANIMALS.. FEW MEN ESCAPED HIS TRAILING ABILITIES..

BURKE, A REPORTER FOR A CHEAP NEW YORK NEWSPAPER, WAS A FREE INVESTIGATIVE AGENT, INTELLIGENT AND CAREFUL, BRINGING NEWS FROM SOURCES THE SHADOW COULDNT TOUCH EFFECTIVELY..

HARRY VINCENT WAS THE SHADOW'S TOP AIDE SMOOTH, HANDY WITH GUNS, FISTS AND THE WOMEN HE MET - LOYAL BEYOND A DOUBT TO THE CAUSE, HE WAS ONE OF THE FIRST AGENTS, A VERY PURSUASIVE FORCE..

OF BURBANK, LITTLE WAS KNOWN-HIS DUTIES CONSISTED ENTIRELY OF HANDLING COMMUNICATIONS WITHIN THE GROUP - SKILLED AT ELECTRONICS AND TIRELESS AS AN EAVESDROPPER, HE KEPT THE SHADOW INFORMED OF THE ACTIVITIES OF ALL THE OTHERS..

THE SHADOW CHOSE WELL-HIS EYES, EARS, HANDS AND FEET WERE THESE AGENTS.. TOGETHER THEY WERE UNSTOPPABLE IN THE DEADLY BATTLE THE SHADOW FOUGHT

THE SHADOW NEVER FAILED.. HE KNEW WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN- AND WHAT COURAGE..

ROE



MARSLAND



HAWKEYE



BURKE



VINCENT



BURBANK